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SIXPENCE.



SUNDAY AT ALDERSHOT: GENERAL SIR RELVERS BULLER RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

From a Snap-Shot.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"What noble characters this trial has revealed to us!" said Alfred Dreyfus to Jules Huret on that memorable journey from Rennes. And here let me digress for a moment to offer a tribute from English journalism to M. Huret. He had a task that might well have overpowered him—to chronicle the intimate thoughts of the martyr whom the French Republic, in its infinite grace, has pardoned, and to do this without any offence to sensibilities that might well have wished to be veiled from the world. This task M. Huret accomplished with so rare a delicacy that this historical "interview," which he published in the *Figaro* of Sept. 22, takes its place, I venture to say, among literary masterpieces. No English journalist can read it without admiration and despair—admiration of its consummate excellence, despair at the reflection that the French tongue alone seems to possess the subtle grace which does justice to such a theme. I know nothing comparable to M. Huret's article except M. Zola's letter to Madame Dreyfus—that homage from a great champion of humanity to the noble woman who has snatched her husband from the jaws of death, and from the still more cruel jaws of hatred, that in the deep peace of his home he may at last unfold to his beloved children, kept so long in ignorance of his fate, the tragedy of his life, which is also the tragedy of modern France.

That revelation of character on which Captain Dreyfus reflected has a curious significance. As he unburdened his mind to his sympathetic listener, he must have been wholly unconscious that he was presenting to M. Huret one of the most striking contrasts in all psychology. Here was a man who, according to hostile testimony, impressed his brother-officers as arrogant, purse-proud, bumptious to inferiors, servile to those above him, always prying into affairs that did not concern him, restless and pushing. A disagreeable, nay, an ignoble personality; but what is the character disclosed to M. Huret? "I was unpopular," said Dreyfus, "because I was reserved and unsocial. If I had anything to say to an officer in another bureau, as often as not I sent him a messenger with my card. To inferiors I was scrupulously courteous; in the presence of my chiefs I preserved my independence and frankness of speech. If one of them did or said anything that seemed to me mistaken, I never hesitated to say so. To march behind one's chiefs is military discipline. Yes, on the field of battle or at the manoeuvres; but when it is a question of personal honour and duty, why should you march behind any man? Has conscience no rights?" Here is a state of mind which, surely, is the complete antithesis of the portrait of this man as drawn by his enemies. Instead of the supple, fawning, worming, bragging intriguer, you have the reticent, proud, self-centred, unbending, ambitious soldier, whose very uprightness is exaggerated to a fault. His rivals detest him—Henry detested Picquart for the same reason; his chiefs resent his bluntness; and when he falls a victim to a plot and the years roll on, a perfectly legendary character is invented for him, just the character that fits a spy and a traitor, but bears no sort of resemblance to the real Dreyfus, who had neither the motive nor the mental equipment for treason.

This misconception was not all malice; it was immensely sustained by the force of a preconceived idea. Give a dog a bad name—call him a Jew, for instance—and in the estimation of a multitude of Frenchmen he ought to be hanged. That is prejudice, and I am thinking now not so much of prejudice in so crude a form, as of that inevitable misunderstanding that dogs us all. Believe me, not the least difficult thing in the world is to make yourself morally intelligible to your dearest friend. How much more difficult to persuade the stranger, predisposed against you by your manner, the tone of your voice, the colour of your necktie, that in certain conditions you would not embezzle from your father or sell your country! Heavens! I sometimes think it is not safe to live in such a world unless you happen to be endowed with those personal graces which are irresistible for man and woman. If you are unlucky enough to possess characteristics which inspire dislike at first sight, your neighbour at dinner may become inexplicably waspish, and you will presently find that by people who have a great deal of leisure for speculation your morals are considered detestable, whilst your friends have to defend the tint of your hair, and to deny that you squint. In Mr. Lewis Melville's interesting "Life of Thackeray," which I have just been reading, you will find how the world was divided even about the novelist's personal appearance. To one judge he was dignified and affable; another disliked the way he thrust out his chin; a third described him as a colossal infant, with a dab of a nose, and a childish pipe of a voice; a fourth said his voice was deep and sonorous; a fifth that it was a superb tenor. Upon my soul, I wonder whether at this moment some sprightly critic is doing me the honour to say I have the complexion of a negro, whilst another regrets that I belong to the albino type of physical eccentricity!

There is a kind of satisfaction, no doubt, in the knowledge that you are aggressively misunderstood. The world is divided into two classes: nonentities and personages; and if somebody argues that the stoop of your shoulders indicates a droop in your morality, though, despite the crowding years, you flatter yourself that you are still as straight as a poplar, it is clear that you rank as a personage. The public man becomes aware of his growing importance when the comic draughtsmen take to caricaturing him. He does not recognise his own nose in their pictures; it is an incredible nose, but it is a sign-post of popularity. I sympathise with the public man who is seldom or never caricatured. How this neglect must rankle in the bosom of his family! Imagine his daughters every Wednesday morning eagerly opening *Punch* at breakfast, and exclaiming in chorus, "Another week, and no caricature of papa!" You can see the poor man sitting humiliated before these young censors, and feebly toying with his eggs and bacon. "I try to be ridiculous, my dears," he murmurs, "but somehow I don't succeed." Then his youngest daughter (with red hair, which is always undutiful) rises in scorn and says, "Papa, if you are not in *Punch* next week, I shall consider you a nonentity!"

What is to be done in such a case? Does the wretched man retreat to his study, and pen a desperately private and confidential note to the editor of *Punch*? "I enclose my latest photograph; it is considered very funny by my youngest girl, whose sense of humour is very keen. Pray observe the nose; the shape is ancestral, and has hitherto escaped calumny. But I make you a present of it. I am past caring for its good name. Make it as disreputable as you like; but for heaven's sake draw it!" Is that cry of anguish wrung from any public man who is not public enough to please his ambitious offspring? My heart bled the other day when I read a picturesque account of the arrival of Ministers in Downing Street for an important Cabinet Council. Some of them were hailed with acclamation by the crowd—one especially, wearing a light-coloured overcoat and an orchid; but there was a colleague who "wore a short coat and a low-crowned hat, and passed almost unnoticed." You can see that the faithful reporter of this incident was pained. He did not think the short coat and the low-crowned hat worthy of the occasion. He would have preferred to see this Minister in some costume more suggestive of the shield, the sword, and the battle, or, at any rate, of the Imperial dignity. And I wonder whether, in consequence of this rebuke, the Minister's daughters have issued a mandate that papa is not to be allowed to avoid the public view in a short coat and a low-crowned hat.

An august lady in this realm—the Personage before whom we are all a rabble of nonentities—has a fixed resolve never to be painted save by a Prussian artist. *Non Angli sed Angeli* is the fiat; and for twenty years Professor von Angeli has enjoyed the privilege which is accorded to no English or Scotch artist. Such a lucky man might well be puffed up; but the Professor is as modest as if he were merely a peg for a short coat and a low-crowned hat. He does not boast of this royal preference for his art; he says simply that his Imperial sitter is "so accustomed to me that she cannot bear any other man to look at her." If Velasquez returned to life, or Rembrandt, he would not have a chance of ousting the Professor from the finest commission in the world. Think of it, ye budding genius of the brush! Look in the glass, and wonder whether there is any soothing, softly compelling magic in your eye, which will one day make you a portrait-painter, chosen above your fellows (tremendous fellows, too, in the world's esteem) to be the exclusive limner of a head that wears a crown!

Yes, our deserts are often allotted on a principle that is past all calculation. You may think you have that within you that should dissuade your countrymen from a certain enterprise, and they may respond to your appeal with rotten eggs and apples in Trafalgar Square. I thought that the egg, as a symbol of public feeling, had gone out of fashion. Years have flown since I saw it hurtle through the air and anoint a hapless visage with its unpleasant stigma. "You must understand," said a cheerful expert who said he had witnessed the return of the rotten egg to public life, "you must understand the important difference between the fresh egg and the egg that is too mature. There is no fun in throwing fresh eggs. They make what I may call a clean splash; it will come off, don't you know! But the rotten egg is annihilating; bang goes a suit of clothes!" Well, should I ever be tempted to propose a resolution in the Square, I shall have a short coat and low-crowned hat warranted to withstand the oldest egg.

I have since learned that my friend who discriminates in eggs was wrong; the egg did not express popular emotion in the Square. It was the tomato, assisted by the onion. Well, I have had my onion in another shape. A kind lady writes to me from Switzerland to deny that Swiss schools are closed in summer for the boys to till the ground (for onions), and the masters to take service as waiters. I rub my eyes (smarting with the onion) and deny upon my honour that I ever made such a charge. It was Sir John Gorst. Aim the onion at him, dear Madam!

A LOOK ROUND.

The cheering of Ministers as they hasten to emergency Cabinet Councils in Downing Street—the brisk alertness of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley and his colleagues at the War Office—the public confidence in General Sir Redvers Buller as the best man to be Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Forces in South Africa—all betoken popular sympathy with the Government of Lord Salisbury in the firm attitude adopted towards the recalcitrant Boers. The two emphatic despatches Mr. Chamberlain sent to Sir Alfred Milner on Sept. 22 practically repeated that England stuck to the conditions of the Conventions under which the Boers obtained independence as regards home affairs; but added that, if the desired franchise and other reforms were not granted to the Uitlanders, the British Government would formulate remedial measures of their own. The "sands" are meantime running out. That the Government are thoroughly prepared for any emergency is proved by the fact that a powerful Army Corps is booked for the Cape, and that Sir Redvers is ready to start for "the front."

The first of the races for the America Cup between the *Columbia* and *Shamrock* is to be sailed on Tuesday, Oct. 3; and, as the owners of both are content to view the issue with satisfaction, it goes without saying that the excitement in connection with the match in American waters is great indeed. The splendid sailing qualities displayed by *Shamrock* on Saturday, Sept. 23, though known to have induced a feeling of intense confidence in the minds of Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Fife, and others deeply interested, has, it is stated, not shaken the hope of the owners of the *Columbia*. If these circumstances can be accepted as indicative of the real merit of the yachts to be placed in opposition, one may look forward to most interesting races next week. It is certain that both the American and British yachts will be sailed in masterly manner, and it would be ten thousand pities if anything should occur, as on previous occasions, to cause any obstruction. As the United States Government has given permission for a fleet of cruisers and torpedo-boats to be on duty to keep the course clear, it appears to be certain that the disgraceful conduct of the excursion-steamers in 1895 will not be possible. Let us hope so. May the best yacht win, and may that yacht prove to be *Shamrock*!

Cricket is not yet quite laid to rest, for K. S. Ranjitsinhji is, with his excellent "band of brothers," sharing with Sir Thomas Lipton the hospitality of Americans, whose love for cricket this son of India declares to be on the increase. "Call me 'Ranji,'" says our worthy and popular Indian Prince to his hosts, and at the same time he praises their daughters, declaring that there is not an ill-looking one amongst them.

Mr. Clement Scott writes: A great comedian is dead. John Sleeper Clarke has gone to his long rest. The modern generation may not know very much about him, but the "old brigade" held him in rare honour and respect. It was in the year 1867 that I went to the St. James's Theatre to see "A Widow Hunt," written by my old friend Sterling Coyne, the Secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society. Henry Irving, then a fantastic light comedian, played Felix Featherley, Ada Cavendish, a lovely girl, was Mrs. Featherley; the lovely Nelly Bufton, likened by Walter Lacy in a celebrated trial to Mrs. Nesbitt, appeared as Mrs. Swansdowne; and Miss Larkin made, I think, her first appearance in London as Mrs. Major de Boots. But the hit of the evening was made by John S. Clarke as Major Wellington de Boots. All the great judges of acting—Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, John Oxenford, Charles Reade, Desmond Ryan, Charles Dunphie, and old Heraud—raved about the new actor, and his success was made in a single night. From that moment he never went back in this country. He drew more money than any individual actor of his time. At home in America he had played every comic character of importance in Shakespeare save Falstaff, but in England he will be remembered as the best Bob Acres ("The Rivals"), Dr. Pangloss, and Zerkel Homespun ("The Heir-at-Law"). Tyke (in "A School of Reform"), and Toddlers, that the English stage has seen. For the last few years he lived in retirement at Wandsworth and Surbiton, where he welcomed his oldest and dearest friends, to whom he was deeply attached. He was a good actor, and a polished, courteous, considerate, old-world gentleman.

Two horses that had been favourites in the public estimation for the race for the Cambridgeshire ran in open trials last week. These were Gerolstein and Sly Fox. The latter first took part in the Great Midland Handicap at Birmingham, and was then sent on to Manchester, presumably to run in the Prince Edward Handicap decided on Saturday. At Birmingham he showed to very poor advantage, and he ran in anything but the style of a Cambridgeshire horse. After his display it was not surprising to find that he had been sent home again without taking part in the Manchester meeting. On the contrary, Gerolstein won the race in which he took part—namely, the Peel Park Plate, but he did not win so decisively from Orviano as altogether to please his friends and critics.

"Mr. Jersey" seems to be picking up a bit of her lost luck again, for she won the valuable Prince Edward Handicap of two thousand sovereigns with Maluma. This victory was important, apart from the value of the stakes and the money won by the connections of the horse, inasmuch as it shows that Robinson's stable is coming into form again. The deduction made from this is that Merman, who is also trained at Foxhills, must have a rather good chance for the Cesarewitch. During the present week the first of the autumn meetings at the headquarters of the Turf is held. The chief event, the Jockey Club Stakes, run on Wednesday, is one of the famous ten thousand pounders, and it is worthy of note, as showing how these big stakes work out in their mission of improving the Turf, that out of an original entry of two hundred and ten subscribers, the list was reduced to thirty-five, and of these, at the time of writing, it was not possible to enumerate more than half-a-dozen likely runners.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"King John," that drama without a hero, has always had a fascination for the enterprising actor-manager of Her Majesty's. So naturally it is a magnificent setting which Mr. Tree has provided for the strenuous rhetoric, the stirring battle-scenes, the overpowering emotional passages, the coarse humours, and the bewildering politics of this strangely uneven chronicle-play. His beautiful stage-pictures, however, really illustrate the action, and allow a commendable fullness of text, even the unauthorised intrusion of a Magna Charta tableau proving fairly harmless. Mr. Tree, too, is wise in compressing the original five into three acts. Thus he is enabled to crowd all the war bustle into his first act, reserve Constance's harrowing "lament" and the equally distressing Hubert and Arthur episode for the second, and hurry over the play's true conclusion with some pretty stage effects, and, of course, Faulconbridge's patriotic outburst. It is a tolerably strong cast at Her Majesty's, but to Mr. Tree himself falls the most difficult task. His portrait of the unscrupulous Angevin, made a handsome, red-bearded monarch, was subtle and impressive, though a little over-emphatic in detail and at one point needlessly hysterical. Blunt, honest Faulconbridge, need it be said, though the typical Englishman, is but the chorus of the drama. All that is demanded from his interpreter is a picturesque and burly appearance, grim humour, and vigorous declamation, and these are qualifications fully possessed by that fine actor, Mr. Lewis Waller. Miss Neilson's powerful expression of grief was the finest thing she has done on the stage, and Mr. McLeay embodied his fine voice to good effect in the part of Hubert. There was a charming and well-spoken little Arthur in young Charles Sefton; while sound players of the old school like Mr. Mollison and Miss Bateman lent an air and dignified gravity to the production. On another page we illustrate a striking scene from the play.

An undoubted popular success, Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new Drury Lane drama "Hearts are Trumps," superbly produced by Mr. Arthur Collins, is a sensational play that would have met with the warmest approval of the late Sir Augustus Harris, who originated this elaborate style of spectacular piece. Notable also for the strong acting of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Dora Barton, Mr. Lionel Brough, and others, "Hearts are Trumps" abounds in effective tableaux such as we depict, culminating in the villain's destruction by a Swiss avalanche, while the heroine is rescued in the startling fashion shown by our Artist.

The main, nay, practically the only, interest of Mr. C. B. Fernald's long-expected Japanese "romance" styled "The Moonlight Blossom" is of an exotic kind. It is pleasant to get some insight into the ordinary life and manners, the mode of justice and the religion of provincial Japan. It is even more piquant to see such end-of-the-century English folk as Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Eleanor Calhoun, and Mr. Frank Mills decked out in picturesque robes, and looking Japanese to the life. But about the story there can be no doubt. That is purely English and purely conventional—a story of unscrupulous villainy, wild jealousy, and stupid misunderstanding. And the characters are just the ordinary puppets of melodrama, disguised in foreign garments: a cunning rascal, who plots the ruin of his noble but disgraced half-brother; an innocent girl who, with every good intention, nearly destroys her lover's honour and affection; a melancholy hero, who suspects his mistress of infidelity; an intriguing widow, who is the villain's accomplice; and an imperial detective, who brings about a happy ending.

It is but a thin and mechanical play, adopting only too slavishly the conventions of the later Jones theatre, that Mr. Kinsey Peile has to offer in his new Avenue piece, "An Interrupted Honeymoon." Truth to tell, the two chief characters of Mr. Jones's more recent comedies—the *femme incomprise* who makes an appointment with a man friend, and the nervous bride who resents the uncomfortable novelties of the holy estate—have been boldly appropriated by Mr. Peile, and brought, not unamusingly, into farcical opposition. That is no bad notion of his to make the new "rebellious Susan" and her asinine lover imagine their inn of meeting to be the honeymoon resort of the newly wedded pair, and to subject too readily expected guests to unheard-of disasters and the suspicion of being impostors. Miss Granville gives plausibility to the vagaries of the indiscreet married malcontent; and then you have the feverish intensity and the refined humour and intelligence of Miss Sarah Brooke to lend point to the distress of the harassed young bride. And both have exceptional comedy powers. No less adequate are the exertions of Mr. Elwood, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Arthur Williams, and others in roles exactly suited to their abilities.

On Monday evening last there was another dose of Dumas offered at the Grand, Islington. It has taxed all the efforts of three playwrights—Mr. H. J. Dam, Mr. Ben Landeck, and Mr. Cartwright himself—to concoct a drama out of the romances dealing with Chicot, the famous jester of Henri Trois. And, after all, "A King of Pools" proves a rather unconvincing if inoffensive play. Mr. Cartwright made an incisive Chicot; and Mr. Cosmo Stuart and Mr. James Erskine, aristocratic stage recruits, were in the cast. At the Metropole, Miss Louie Frear has made a great hit as the drummer, "Boy Bob."

Quite the most entertaining and, indeed, the most interesting play of the season, is Mr. Bernard Shaw's semi-romantic, semi-satiric drama of the American War of Independence, "The Devil's Disciple," with which Mr. Murray Carson has redeemed his short theatrical season at Kennington. It is no small compliment to Mr. Murray Carson, Miss Grace Warner, Mr. Mackin, Miss Bessie Hatton, and Mr. Luigi Lablache to assure them that they fully realised their brilliant author's intentions.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Charles Frohman presented a three-act comedy at the Criterion, entitled "My Daughter-in-Law," and adapted from the French of MM. Carré and Bihaud. This employed the services of such well-known players as Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Little, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Cynthia Brooke, and Miss Ellaline Terriss.

PENZANCE, AND ROUND ABOUT.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If Cornwall can in no sense be said to be an undiscovered country, I have no hesitation in saying that it is a region which should be much better known to the tourist than it is. I can see the difficulties—if so I may term them—which stand in the way of a visitation of the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen. I hear people say that it is so far away, for instance; but surely this objection would apply with greater force to Continental resorts, which are thronged by Britons who make the fortune of foreign hotel-keepers in ten years on an average. People have said the same thing of the glorious Skye and of the Trossachs, and that accounts for the ordinary London idea of the Scot—I mean that it is this unwillingness to try a holiday north of Tweed that causes the Southron to think of the Scot as resembling the familiar wooden effigy you may still see at old-fashioned tobaccoists' doors. The distance theory will not hold water. Cornwall is as high as Glasgow to the Metropolis, only I will say the train service is by no means so excellent. The Great Western, however, I noticed, is doubling the line between Plymouth and Penzance. It is a work full of engineering difficulties, and we must have patience. When the line is doubled, and when you can run from London to Exeter without a stop (as you may do now), and then dash on past Dawlish and Teignmouth to Plymouth, and finally, with a stop, say, at Truro, to give your engine a drink, run on to Penzance, I prophesy a new era will dawn for Cornwall as a health resort.

Of course you must go to Penzance. There you will find comfortable quarters at moderate figures. The town is a typical country one, clean, healthy, with a fine promenade by the sea, and glorious Mount's Bay, with Mount St. Michael and Marazion on the east, and quaint Newlyn to the west of you. And you must go to Scilly (three hours' sail) or to the South of France to behold vegetation such as you will find at Penzance in the Morrab Gardens and round about. It is sub-tropical in its character, and as you sit beneath the shade of a glorious elm and cast your eye along the little avenue of Yucca palms that raise their heads fairly high, you may well dream of Mediterranean shores and of North African caresses. This is why Penzance is a typical winter resort for delicate folks. They rarely have snow at all, and when it comes the warm earth will have none of it. I suppose the Gulf Stream is responsible for all this geniality of climate and for the blossoming of plants that elsewhere we have to grow under glass. And in summer the breeze from the bay keeps you cool and refreshes you as you face the fair prospect. From the climatic point of view, Penzance is, I think, all a reasonable man can desire; and I can imagine no finer place for a British sanatorium for the open-air treatment of consumption than some of the high lands around Penzance itself.

Then you can cycle or walk or drive to many a quaint and interesting place close by. You will go to Land's End, of course, which is a matter, I suppose, of some twelve or fourteen miles off. A glorious country of moorland and hill to traverse; and when you come to the end of your tether, you find a quaint little hostelry on the cliff that gives you a kindly welcome and something more substantial if you will. You sit on the edge of the cliff, among the big boulders, and see the Longship Lighthouse, three miles off, on its rocky pinnacle. A dangerous coast this, requiring another lighthouse, the Wolf, out at sea, and another at the Lizard, away to the west. As you gaze at the Longship, you see every now and then the Shark's Fin Rock—appropriately named, since it looks exactly like the back fin of a huge monster as the sea washes over it. Around you are rocks fantastically carved by the eternal process of earth-grinding, in which wind and rain and sea are ever engaged, into the semblance of human faces. Dr. Johnson, with his wig complete, is there, and other worthies are figured in silhouettes on the hard granite. Then you go down the cliff, and find yourself in front of a little hut which bears the legend, "First and Last Refreshment House in England, by William Thomas." This, however, is not the Alpha and Omega of views. To see that particular feature, you must look out on your way home for a signboard at the first village. As you come towards Land's End the side of the signboard next you bears the legend, "Last Inn in England"; while as you leave for your return, the reverse side informs the 'thirsty wayfarer that the house is "The First Inn in England." So much depends, here as elsewhere, on one's point of view.

Down on the cliff you will be shown the spot where Charles Wesley, with St. George's Channel and the English Channel meeting beneath his feet, composed his hymn beginning—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.

If you are bold enough, you may climb a boulder, and by lying flat and peering over its edge, you will see the arch through which the seas meet. An impressive sight, in its way, and one that in the grandeur of its surroundings makes us think of that foolish wager of a certain General who in 1824 undertook to ride his horse to the brink of the cliff close by. The poor animal was killed by falling over the cliff, while the man on his back happily escaped. When you go to Penzance, do not miss the drive to St. Ives, that quaint old town, and climb the Gurnard's Head Rock on the way. There you will find a dear old soul in a white bonnet, such as you see in the harvest-field, who will take you to the topmost pinnacle, climbing and toiling backwards and forwards many times a day to show tourists the wonders of the Gurnard. And when you return to Penzance at night, you will sit by the bay and see the pilchard-boats steal out in the twilight to their harvest of the sea. As the night falls, their lights are seen twinkling like stars on the far horizon; while the lighthouse at Newlyn keeps watch and ward till it is time to welcome a new day.

BRIGHTON.—The Pullman Limited will run on Oct. 1 and every subsequent Sunday (until further notice) at 11 a.m. from Victoria Station to Brighton, and at 11.15 a.m. from Brighton to Victoria. Passengers should book in advance at Victoria, or City Office, 4, Arthur Street East, as the number of seats is limited. Return Fare 12s.

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THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: THE RIGHT HON. SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

HOW HE WON THE V.C.

If anyone were asked who is the man of the moment from the point of view of the soldier, or even of "the man in the street," whose range of observation is far wider, and he were to reply "Sir Redvers Buller," how far would he be from the mark? There are few names that are more frequently on people's lips just now. Yet the object of all these inquiries would blush, as I have seen him blush, if he were conscious of how fully he fills the public eye just now.

It is a highly flattering testimony to the confidence the public repose in him that there should be no unnecessary delay in despatching him to assume the command of her Majesty's forces in South Africa. He is one of the coolest of men, and undoubtedly one of the greatest soldiers of his time. It is characteristic of the man that, when it was decided that in the event of a sufficiently large force being despatched to South Africa he should command it, he should at once rush off to his place in Devonshire, and while awaiting the turn of events, find occupation in attending meetings of the local School Board at Crediton.

It would be impossible for anyone to see Sir Redvers Buller, or to hear this distinguished General speak, and not be convinced that he had been in the presence of a born leader of men, and, to boot, one who does not know what fear is. To read the story of how he won his Victoria Cross is like reading of the deeds of some enchanted prince in a fairy romance. The story entrances one. Yet to those who know the man the astounding details seem to lose much of their marvellous quality.

It was on March 28, 1879, at which time he was in command of the mounted troops—strictly they were



Photo. Gregory.

TROOPS FOR SOUTH AFRICA: DRAFT FOR THE CAPE ON BOARD THE S.S. "JELUNGA," AT SOUTHAMPTON.



Photo. Gregory.

COLONEL STACPOLE, EMBARKATION OFFICER, AND STAFF READY TO GO ON BOARD THE "JELUNGA."

Army Corps for South Africa. The masterfulness shown by Sir Redvers Buller while holding the Aldershot Command is only what might have been expected from him.

Sir Redvers Buller was fortunate at the outset of his military career, inasmuch as he received what Napoleon the Less called his "baptism of fire" within two years of the date of his first commission. This was in the China War of 1860. In 1870 he took part in the Red River Expedition, which first brought him under the notice of Lord Wolseley. Three years later he was Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General in the Ashanti War, in which he was badly wounded. He was in South Africa in 1878, and played an active part in several actions against the Gaiikas and Galekas, and commanded the column in the affair a Buffalo Range. In the more serious campaign against the Zulus he commanded the Mounted Troops of Sir Evelyn Wood's column, as already stated. He had charge of the Intelligence Department in the Egyptian War in 1882, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, also at El Teb and Tamai, and was Chief of Staff in the Gordon Relief Expedition in 1884-85, as depicted at the time by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in *The Illustrated London News*.

Sir Redvers Buller is not given to talk, and never writes for newspapers or magazines. But he is the author of the Infantry Drill-book, which is the very best tactical hand-book ever penned. At Aldershot they soon discovered he could write well and to the point. His official criticisms on the tactical operations carried out under his supervision are very fine reading and valuable. There has never been a whisper of cantankerousness or insubordination towards his official superiors. On the other hand, he not only requires but exacts from those who are his own official inferiors implicit obedience and untiring zeal. Sixty years of age, he is in the full vigour of life, and his practical knowledge of warfare in South Africa amply justifies the public confidence in him.

not cavalry—of Sir Evelyn Wood's column in the Zulu War. He had been despatched by his commander to clear the Inhlobane Mountain. The task had been accomplished in the face of stupendous difficulties and some opposition, when enormous Zulu reinforcements were observed coming up and threatening to cut him off. He was by sheer force of circumstances compelled to retreat by making a descent by the precipitous sides of the mountain. His force lost heavily, but his calmness and magnificent self-devotion saved it from the absolute destruction which seemed imminent. The much prized decoration was won not by a headlong rush against a foe, nor yet by a sudden impulse of gallantry, but by three unselfish acts of unselfish devotion, involving almost certain death.

First, when the pursuit was hottest, he saw Captain D'Arcy of the Frontier Light Horse dismounted, his horse having been killed under him, and retiring on foot. Colonel—as Sir Redvers then was—Buller, though he himself is a big, heavy man, quite a load for a horse, especially after a fatiguing morning, promptly took Captain D'Arcy up behind him and carried him out of reach of the foe. A little later on the same day, under similar circumstances and in the same manner, he rescued another officer of the Frontier Light Horse, Lieutenant Everett. He finished—also on the same day—by carrying out of danger a trooper whose horse was completely exhausted. When he took this man up behind him, the Zulus were within eighty yards of them. Three separate and distinct actions in one day, each of which would have gained the famous bronze cross for any man!

Major-General Sir Redvers Buller comes from a good old Devonshire stock. He is a son of the late Mr. J. W. Buller, and his native county may well be proud of him. He has filled practically every position in the Army, except that of Commander-in-Chief, and he seems to be destined one day to fill that too. It is a happy augury for his complete success in the Transvaal, should war break out, that he was for some time associated at the War Office with Lord Wolseley in reorganising work, and that this September has found Sir Redvers co-operating with his friends the Commander-in-Chief and Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., under the same roof in forming an effective



Photo. Gregory.

OFFICERS OF THE 15TH HUSSARS READY TO EMBARK ON THE "SMLA."

SOUTH AFRICAN
CRISIS.

When in the Cape House of Assembly, beneath the portrait of her Majesty the Queen, a politician so eminent as Mr. Cecil Rhodes is found hurling charges of treason at his Afrikaner fellow-members; and when the Boers of the Transvaal are engaged in assiduous rifle-practice, as seen in our various Illustrations, then it must be admitted by all that the long-gathering irritation between Boer and Britisher is on the verge of a serious explosion. What is the cause of that irritation? It is not merely political, as many mistakenly suppose. The cause of the irritation is rather moral than material. For one thing, the Boers, having established themselves by force of arms, a small but valiant people, in



BOERS ON THE TRANSVAAL FRONTIER: KIT INSPECTION.

him, and once suspicion is sown in his heart his nature is so stubborn that he never lays aside his distrust. This is shown at present in the attitude of the otherwise admirable President Steyn towards the British Government. No sane man can think that the British have designs on the Free Staters, with whom we have had nothing but friendly relations since we defeated them at the battle of Boomplatz, more than forty years ago. But just because we have a genuine case against the Transvaal, Steyn, being suspicious like all Boers, has conceived a stubborn suspicion that we want to destroy his independence also. Hence his support of Kruger as against Sir Alfred Milner.

Another feature of the Boer character that increases the irritation of the whole race against the



THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, CAPE TOWN.



PRESIDENT STEYN.

Copied by Permission of the Proprietors from "South Africa."

a vast and fertile land, the fierce original owners of which they have made their hivers of wood and drawers of water—having done this, the Boers have developed all the pride and independence and contempt for others which is characteristic of a military oligarchy. Hence a most unwarrantable scorn of the Englishman. This idea of their own exceeding worth and bravery, which may yet cost the Boers dear, has been blown still bigger by their successful strategy at Majuba Hill and Krugersdorp. At both of these places they lay behind rocks and shot down inferior bodies of British in the open. But, of course, they attribute it to their superior bravery!

Another moral rather than material cause of the irritation between Briton and Boer is the fact that the Boer, living a sluttish, comfortable, pastoral life, in which he has nothing to do but count his sheep and thrash his blacks, hates more and more the go-ahead, keen, eager Anglo-Saxon who wants to increase the volume of trade and develop the country. He begins to suspect the Briton of wanting to overreach



MAJUBA HILL FROM THE RAILWAY.

British, so that when the Transvaal is attacked the Free State at once comes to the rescue, is their extreme clannishness. The Boers have exceedingly large families, and the various families are intermarried and cross-related in a fashion sufficient to bewilder the most expert genealogist. The same family has often branches settled in Cape Colony, in the Orange River Free State, and in the Transvaal. Thus the Boers are not merely united by the Chain Ferry or the Hopetoun Bridge over the Orange River—though those unite them closely enough, as our Illustrations show, they are bound together by mutual feelings, mutual prejudices, and mutual ties of blood. It is this intimacy between the scattered sections of the Boer race that makes the task of our statesmen so difficult just now. And the Boers, under the guidance of European officers, are learning every detail of modern military drill, even down to the minutiae of kit-inspection. Britain means to see this thing through, but the difficulties are such that she must be no less wary than strong.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.

If war should unhappily result with the Transvaal, no regiment is more relied on than the 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabiniers. They bear on their blazon the proud titles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde, and they are the only regiment in the British Army to which the honorary title of Carabiniers was ever accorded. It was the intention of King William, in imitation of a French custom, to give the title of Carabiniers to such cavalry regiments as specially distinguished themselves, but the plan fell through, the result being that the 6th Dragoons is the only regiment that carries this distinctive name. With the Carabiniers in South Africa are their old friends the Gordon Highlanders, the fellows who stormed Dargai. They have shown on a hundred fields, from Corunna to Chitral and Dargai, that they are worthy of their romantic raising by Jean, Duchess of Gordon, who became a recruiting-sergeant for the nonce, and with the King's shilling between her lips, kissed the Highlanders off to the wars. Troops of all kinds are rapidly pouring into South Africa to be in readiness for whatever comes. Major Granet, with the officers and men of the 62nd Field Battery of Royal Artillery, has left Birkenhead for Natal. Colonel Stacpole, Embarkation Officer, is off on the steam-ship *Jelunga*. Major-General Hall and officers of the Royal Artillery (18th, 62nd, and 75th Batteries) have sailed in the transports *Zayathla* and *Zibenghla*. The 15th Hussars, a regiment with glorious

for father when he comes back." His uncle turned away with tears in his eyes. Another time, when his aunt had offered to take him to Carpentras, he at first assented with delight, but reading disappointment in his mother's face, flung his arms round her neck, saying, "No, I shall not go; I don't want to leave you alone."

THE EARTHQUAKE AT DARJEELING.

On Sept. 25 the district of Darjeeling, in North-Western India, was visited by a succession of severe earth-

on both sides of which landslips seem to have occurred. Sonada, already mentioned, is a railway station ten miles south of Darjeeling.

THE AMERICA CUP.

We give two illustrations of Mr. Iselin's yacht *Columbia*, the opponent of the *Shamrock* in the forthcoming races for the America Cup. They show the crew at drill, and are particularly interesting as illustrating the use of the hatches for stowing away the sails. In a short race with the



Photo. Leon Bonet

CAPTAIN DREYFUS'S CHILDREN IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA MARIE AT CARPENTRAS.

Peninsular and Waterloo traditions, are outward-bound on the *Simla*. These regiments will find very efficient support in such troops as the British Artillery in South Africa, an illustration of which we also give. And opposing them they will have men like the Boers seen manœuvring in the corresponding illustration.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS AND HIS CHILDREN.

Captain Dreyfus has been reunited to his two children, and Captain Dreyfus has been seriously ill. The chronicling together of two incongruous items need be no surprise in a world where tears are shed in mature life more often in happiness than in sorrow, and deaths from excess of emotion are as common among men "surprised by joy" as they are among martyrs to misery. Pierre and Jeanne Dreyfus, aged eight and six, were taken to Carpentras by their grandparents, M. and Madame Hadamard. Their father, the true purport of whose "travels" can scarcely have been concealed from them, awaited them at the end of the avenue of limes as they drove up to the Villa Marie; and they leapt to his arms for an embrace which lasted for ten minutes. The tension of five years' enduring had then its last relaxing, and Captain Dreyfus has been ordered a repose so complete that it excluded for the time the visits of Maître Labori even, and that the members of his own faithful family were forbidden to disturb.

According to M. Jules Huret the little girl will not be told her father's story, but the little boy may possibly learn something of it. One day when in the Bois with his uncle he plucked a flower and said, "It is



Photo. Mr. G. Gammie.

SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT DARJEELING.

quake shocks which caused considerable loss of life and property. The earthquake was accompanied by tremendous rainfall, which occasioned great landslips between Darjeeling and Sonada. The roads and railroads were carried away, the whole of the Calcutta road being blocked. It is reported from Jalpaiguri that three Europeans and six natives were crossing the river Teesta when their boat was swamped. Later telegrams announce that the Europeans have been drowned. At Phool, two hundred persons are reported to have been killed by the overthrow of a bazaar. Darjeeling is the nearest hill-station for Europeans resident in Bengal, and is a favourite tourist resort, commanding as it does one of the most splendid views of the Himalayas. Our illustration shows the distant snows of Kinchinjunga. It would

Defender which the *Columbia* sailed last Saturday, the latter is said to have made fourteen miles an hour or thereby. The news has greatly delighted the admirers of the *Columbia*. The *Shamrock*, however, has been doing very well lately. One day this week it was announced that no bets were being taken. Her trials spins are now over, and Sir Thomas Lipton has expressed his complete satisfaction with the performances of his yacht. The *Shamrock* has gone into dry dock, where her hull will be completely polished by electric motors. She will, indeed, offer as little resistance to the water as would a silver mirror. All her sails have now been tried from the least to the greatest, and after some repairs to the bobstay and the fixing of one or two supports to the mast, she will come out ready for the great trial. The reports from New York say that an



Photo. Leon Bonet.

DETECTIVES GUARDING THE VILLA MARIE AT CARPENTRAS, THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF THE DREYFUS FAMILY.

appear that the landslips have occurred close to the town of Darjeeling. Birch Hill, which has been mentioned as the scene of one of the landslips—one thousand acres of tea-plantations having been destroyed there—is the head of a mountain spur which runs due north-west from the main ridge. The plantations thus destroyed extended as far as Jalapahar, which is the centre of the principal range,

impression is abroad in yachting circles there that the respective capabilities of the two yachts have not yet been fully revealed. It is added that both Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Iselin have succeeded in mystifying even the most experienced judges as to the real form of their yachts. The first race accordingly on Tuesday next is expected to be full of sensational surprises.

PERSONAL.

Among the distinguished officers who have been ordered to South Africa is Lieutenant-Colonel Robert G. Kekewich, of the 1st North Lancashire Regiment.



Photo. Browning, Eeter.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KEKEWICH.

Colonel Kekewich, who was born in 1854, had not long entered the service when he took part in the Perak Expedition, for which he received the medal and clasp. During 1884-85 he was again on active service with the Nile Expedition, for which he was decorated with the medal and clasp, the bronze star, and the brevet rank of Major. In the Suakim Campaign of 1888 he was mentioned in despatches, and the Khedive conferred upon him the Fourth Clasp of the Medjidieh. He has recently been with his regiment in Ceylon.

Lord Kitchener is again on the trail of the Khalifa. That restless personage has obtained the support of two powerful Emirs, who are supposed to command a considerable force. One of them has never yet come into conflict with Europeans. He will remember the lesson when he gets it. The new Dervish rising is making head in Darfur, and as Darfur cannot at present be brought under civilised control, that quarter will prove a source of trouble to Egypt for many years to come.

The Venerable Edwin Arthur Salmon, Archdeacon of Wells, died on Wednesday, Sept. 20, at his residence



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE ARCHDEACON SALMON.

Brent-Knoll Vicarage, near Weston-super-Mare. Educated at Wadham College, Oxford, he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol in 1855, and priest by the Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1856. After eighteen years of devoted labour he was appointed to a prebendal stall at Wells, becoming Archdeacon and Vicar of Brent-Knoll only so recently as last year. Since then his health had been indifferent; and after his return from a visit to Malvern a month ago, there was, unhappily, no hope for his recovery.

Captain Voulet, who murdered Colonel Klobb, is reported to have invaded British Nigeria. As this extraordinary officer is now a bandit, he will not be restrained from any enterprise that seems good to him by a mere frontier. Captain Voulet's modest claim is that he is the only Frenchman who is entitled to explore Africa. Any superior officer who interferes with him must be shot, and as for the English, they have no rights of territory in his eyes. Should they retort by shooting Captain Voulet, Rochefort will doubtless call on the French Government to demand satisfaction.

The Rev. John Cox Edghill, D.D., has retired from the post of Chaplain-General to the Forces, held by him since 1885. Born in 1835, and ordained priest in 1859, he has had a long career of clerical usefulness. First he was curate of St. Mark's, Whitechapel; and then in 1862 he began his long and signal service to the troops. Chaplaincies to the Tower of London, to the Queen, and to the Duke of Cambridge are among the honours and recognitions that have fallen to the share of the retiring Chaplain-General to the



Photo. Russell.
THE REV. J. C. EDGHILL.

Troops, who carries into retirement the good wishes of a large circle of friends.

The chief of the General Staff of the French Army, General Brault, is dead. He was a much-esteemed officer, who contrived to keep himself aloof from the struggle which has torn France asunder for three years. General de Galliffet, in an order to the army, speaks of General

Brault's death in a strain of soldierly piety which is a welcome novelty in French official announcements.

After Boulogne, Bordeaux. Last Sunday's bull-fight at the latter place outdid the Boulogne performances in horror. The fight, however, had an entirely new feature for France, the performers being Spanish girls. This exhibition, the first of its kind, seems likely to be the last of any kind in the French bull-ring, for there are some things that feminism cannot achieve. The principal lady performer lost her nerve when it came to the slaughtering of the bull, and made as poor practice as did Jack Ketch at the execution of Monmouth; indeed, the incidents afford a striking parallel, for the lady, like Ketch, finally flung down her weapon and refused to proceed. A man had to be called in to give the coup-de-grâce, and, judging from the indignation of the audience, the blow ought to finish French bull-fighting.

Professor Silvanus Thompson, who has been chosen by the Council of the Institution of Electrical Engineers one of the English delegates to the Volta Centenary Celebrations at Como, has been Principal in the City and Guilds Technical College, Finsbury, since 1885. He holds the Chair of Physics in the same Institution. Professor Thompson was born at York, and was educated at the Bootham School, York, the Flounders Institute, Pontefract, and the Royal School of Mines. He was a science-master of York, and before receiving his present appointment was Professor of Experimental Physics in University College, Bristol. He has written extensively on electricity and light, and last year published a Life of Michael Faraday.



Photo. Barraud.
PROFESSOR SILVANUS THOMPSON.

At the Beaconsfield Habitation of the Primrose League at Plymouth last Wednesday Sir Edward Clarke referred to Lord Beaconsfield's policy "Peace with Honour" in a manner which had a peculiar significance at the present crisis. The phrase, he said, would always be associated with Lord Beaconsfield's memory, and would always, he believed, be the favourite motto of the Tory party. The influence represented by the maxim which he had quoted was, Sir Edward remarked, being rendered permanent and enduring in this country by the existence and prosperity of the Primrose League.

The funeral of Mr. Tom McCarthy, well known as a strike leader, was attended at Tower Hamlets Cemetery by representatives of labour from every part of England. Among the pall-bearers were Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. Ben Tillett, and Mr. Tom Mann. Mr. Burns and Mr. Tillett delivered speeches at the graveside, Mr. Burns pronouncing a special plea for peace in the ranks of labour.

Another of the delegates chosen by the Institute of Electrical Engineers to represent it at the Como celebrations is Professor William Edward Ayrton, who holds the Professorship of Physics at South Kensington. Born in 1847, Mr. Ayrton was educated at University College, London, and in 1867 entered the Indian Government telegraph service. From 1873 to 1879 he held the Professorship of Natural Philosophy and Telegraphy in the Imperial College of Engineering, Japan. In 1890 he was elected President of the Physical Society, and in 1892 he became President of the Institute of Electrical Engineers. He enjoys a high reputation as an electrical engineer and inventor. He has also written extensively on his special subject. His "Manual of Practical Electricity" is a standard work.



Photo. Barraud.
PROFESSOR W. E. AYRTON.

The Navy League has made an energetic protest against the use of the plinth of the Nelson Column by orators in Trafalgar Square. It is not to any particular oratory that objection is made, but to all. For a speaker to use this rostrum to extol the glories of the British Navy would apparently be "desecration" in the eyes of the League. The point seems a little exaggerated. If anybody proposed to sit on the head of Nelson's statue and bawl his sentiments to the winds, that might involve some indignity to a great memory. But to make it profanity even to use the pedestal for a public meeting in Trafalgar Square is an excess of sentiment which is likely to defeat its own purpose.

The funeral of M. Scheurer-Kestner was marked by a very significant demonstration of Alsatian feeling. With the exception of General Zurlinden, all the Alsatisians who have played a conspicuous part in the "Affaire" have been Dreyfusards. His death is a severe loss to the Republic,

which, as M. Brisson said, needs every true patriot at this crisis to defend it.

Colonel E. W. D. Ward, who has proceeded to South Africa to act as Disembarkation Officer at Port Elizabeth, has long enjoyed popularity as the able secretary of the Military Tournament. Colonel Ward, who is forty-six years of age, has had a distinguished career. In 1885 he served in the Sudan, and was decorated with the medal and two clasps, besides being mentioned in despatches. He also took part in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-96. For some time past he has been Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General on the Home District Staff at the Horse Guards. He is a master of organisation.



Photo. Dodington.
COLONEL E. W. D. WARD.

Admiral Dewey has been welcomed in New York with tremendous rejoicings. His return is unhappily coincident with the news that the American forces are making no headway whatever in the subjugation of the Philippines. It is well known, moreover, that Admiral Dewey strongly disapproves the policy of General Otis, and is in favour of autonomy for the Philippines. This, if adopted, would mean that Mr. McKinley and his advisers have been on the wrong tack from the outset. That admission does not seem likely to be made.

General George Henry McKinnon, C.B., whose death occurred a fortnight ago at 157, Victoria Street, Westminster, was the son of a General whose gallant death at Ciudad Rodrigo is commemorated in a monument erected by the nation in St. Paul's Cathedral. The younger General McKinnon had reached at his death the advanced age of ninety-three. He became a Grenadier Guardsman in 1824; went to Portugal two years after; became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1844, and went, two years later, to the Cape, where



Photo. Barraud.
THE LATE GENERAL MCKINNON.

he served as Quartermaster-General under Sir G. Berkeley in the Kaffir War, and won his C.B. The year 1848 found him Colonel Commanding and Chief Commissioner in Kaffraria. When war broke out there in 1851, he led the 2nd Division of the forces under General Sir Harry Smith; in 1862 he was appointed Colonel of the 26th Cameronians.

Mr. Chamberlain is said to have amused himself four years ago by writing a play. In his youth he was esteemed as an amateur actor, and it is easy to imagine him in a certain vein of high comedy. His play ought to see the light. Most theatrical managers would jump at it, and we shall be surprised if Mr. Chamberlain has not already received handsome offers from all the publishers.

M. Scheurer-Kestner died on the very morning of the day on which the pardon of Captain Dreyfus was officially announced. A patriot this great promoter of "revision" had abundantly proved himself to be. An Alsatian, he resigned his seat in the National Assembly as a protest against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany. He became a member of the Senate, and was its Vice-President when he became convinced of the injustice of the verdict pronounced against Dreyfus in 1894. He fought alike the forgers and the dupes; and such opponents as M. Cavaignac, M. Méline, and General Billot did not daunt him. He lost the Vice-Presidency, but he gained the "revision." Eminent as a chemist, M. Scheurer-Kestner will be remembered first of all as a man who strove for the triumph of justice, and who died just before he knew that he was victorious.



THE LATE M. SCHEURER-KESTNER.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photographs by Charles Knight, Aldershot.



MAJOR GRANET WITH OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE 62ND FIELD BATTERY, ROYAL ARTILLERY.



MAJOR-GENERAL HALL AND OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.



By "Q."

ILLUSTRATED BY A. BIRKENRUTH.

I HAVE thought fit in this story to alter all the names involved and disguise the actual scene of it: and have done this so carefully that, although the story has a key, the reader who should search for it would not only waste his time but miss even the poor satisfaction of having guessed an idle riddle. He whom I call Parson West is now dead. He was an entirely conscientious man; which means that he would rather do wrong himself than persuade or advise another man—above all, a young man—to do it. I am sure therefore that in burying the body of John Emmet as he did, and enlisting my help, he did what he thought right, though the action was undoubtedly an illegal one. Still, the question is one for casuists; and remembering how modest a value my old friend set on his own wisdom, I daresay that by keeping his real name out of the narrative I am obeying what would have been his wish. His small breach of the law he was (I know) prepared to answer for cheerfully, should the facts come to light. He has now gone where their discovery affects him not at all.

Parson West, then, when I made his acquaintance in 188—, had for thirty years been Vicar of the coast-parish of Lansulyan. He had come to it almost fresh from Oxford, a young scholar with a head full of Greek, having accepted the living from his old college as a step towards preferment. He was never to be offered another. Lansulyan parish is a wide one in acreage, and the stipend exiguous even for a bachelor. From the first the Parson eked out his income by preparing small annotated editions of the Classics for the use of Schools and by taking occasional pupils, of whom in 188— I was the latest. He could not teach me scholarship, which is a habit of mind; but he could, and in the end did, teach me how to win a scholarship, which is a sum of money paid annually. I have therefore a practical reason for thinking of him with gratitude; and I believe he liked me, while despising alike my Latinity and my precociousness with tobacco.

His pupils could never complain of distraction. The church-town—a single street of cottages winding round a knoll of elms which hide the Vicarage and all but the spire of St. Julian's Church—stands high, and a mile back from the coast, and looks straight upon the Menawhadden reef, a fringe of toothed rocks lying parallel with the shore and half a mile distant from it. This reef forms a breakwater for a small inlet where the coombe which runs below Lansulyan meets the sea. Follow the road downhill from the church-town and along the coombe, and you come to a white-washed fishing haven, with a life-boat house, and short sea-wall. The Porth is its only name. On the whole, if one has to live in Lansulyan parish the Porth is gayer than the church-town, where from the Vicarage windows

you look through the trees southward upon ships moving up or down Channel in the blue distance and the white water girdling Menawhadden; northward upon downs where herds of ponies wander at will between the treeless farms, and a dun-coloured Roman earthwork tops the high sky-line. Dwellers among these uplands, wringing their livelihood from the obstinate soil by labour which never slackens, year in and year out, from Monday morning to Saturday night, are properly despised by the inhabitants of the Porth, who sit half their time mending nets, cultivating the social graces, and waiting for the harvest which they have not sown to come swimming past their doors. By consequence, if a farmer wishes to learn the spiciest gossip about his nearest neighbour, he must travel down to the Porth for it.

And this makes it the more marvellous that what I am about to tell, happening as it did at the very gates of the Porth, should have escaped the sharpest eyes in the place.

The Vicar's custom was to read with me for a couple of hours in the morning and again for an hour and a half before dinner. We had followed this routine rigidly and punctually for three months or so when, one evening in June, he returned from the Porth a good ten minutes late, very hot and dusty, and even so took a turn or two up and down the room with his hands clasped behind his coat-tails before settling down to correct my iambs.

"John Emmet is dead," he announced, pausing before the window with his back towards me and gazing out upon the ill-kept lawn.

"Wasn't he the coxswain of the life-boat?" I asked.

"Ah, you never saw him, did you? He took to his bed before you came. A long illness. Well, well, it's all over!" Parson West sighed. "He saved, or helped to save, a hundred and fifteen lives, first and last. A hundred and fifteen lives!"

"I've heard something of the sort down at the Porth. A hundred and fifty. I think they said. They seemed very proud of him down there."

"Why?" The Vicar faced round on me, and added after a moment abruptly—"He didn't belong to them he was not even born in this parish."

"Where then?"

He disregarded the question. "Besides, the number was a hundred and fifteen. That's just the pity."

I did not understand but he had seated himself at the table and was running through my iambs. In the third verse he underlined a "howler" with blue pencil and looked up for an explanation. While I confessed the fault, his gaze wandered away from me and fell upon his fingers drumming upon the table's edge. A slant of red sunshine touched the signet-ring on his little finger, which

he moved up and down watching the play of light on the rim of the collet. He was not listening. By and by he glanced up. "I beg your pardon—" stammered he, and leaving the rest of my verses uncorrected, pointed with his pencil to the concluding one. "That's not Greek," he said.

"It's in Sophocles," I contended; and turning up the word in "Liddell and Scott," I pushed the big lexicon under his nose.

For a moment he paid no heed to the action; did not seem to grasp the meaning of it. Then for the first and last time in my acquaintance with him he broke into a passion of temper.

"What do you mean, Sir? It's offensive, I tell you: a downright offensive, ungentlemanly thing to do! Yes, Sir, ungentlemanly!" He crumpled up my verses and tossed them into the waste-paper basket. "We had better get on with our Tacitus." And "Offensive!" I heard him muttering once more, as he picked up the book and found his place. I began to construe. His outburst had disconcerted me, and no doubt I performed discreditably; but glancing up in some apprehension after a piece of guess-work which even to me carried no conviction, I saw that again he was not attending. After this, by boldly skipping each difficulty as it arose I managed to cover a good deal of ground with admirable fluency.

We dined together in silence that evening, and after dinner strolled out to the big filbert-tree under which, for a few weeks in the year, Parson West had his dessert laid and sipped his thin port—an old common-room fashion which he clung to. To the end of his days he had the white cloth removed before dessert, and the fruits and the one decanter set out upon polished mahogany.

I glanced at him while helping myself to strawberries and cream. He sat nervously folding and refolding the napkin on his knee. By and by he spoke, but without looking at me.

"I lost my temper this afternoon, and I beg your pardon, my boy."

I began to stammer my contrition for having offended him: but he cut me short with a wave of the hand. "The fact is," he explained, "I was worried by something quite different."

"By John Emmet's death," I suggested.

He nodded, and looked at me queerly while he poured out a glass of Tarragona.

"He was my gardener years ago, before he set up market-gardening on his own account."

"That's queer too," said I.

"What's queer?" He asked it sharply.

"Why, to find a gardener cox'n of a life-boat."

"He followed the sea in early life. But I'll tell you

what is queer, and that's his last wish. His particular desire was that I, and I alone, should screw down the coffin. He had Trudgeon the carpenter up to measure him, and begged this of me in Trudgeon's presence and the doctor's. What's more, I consented."

"That's jolly unpleasant," was my comment, for lack of a better.

The Vicar sat silent for a while, staring across the lawn, while I watched a spider which had let itself down from a branch overhead and was casting anchor on the decanter's rim. With his next question he seemed to have changed the subject.

"Where do you keep your boat now?"

"Renatus Warne has been putting in a new strake and painting her. I shall have her down on the beach to-morrow."

"Ah, so that's it? I cast my eye over the beach this afternoon and couldn't see her. You haven't been trying for the conger lately?"

"We'll have a try to-morrow evening if you'll come, Sir. I wish you would."

The Vicar, though he seldom found time for the sport, was a famous fisherman. He shook his head; and then, leaning an arm on the table, gazed at me with sudden seriousness.

"Look here: could you make it convenient to go fishing for conger this next night or two—and to go alone?"

I saw that he had something more to say, and waited.

"The fact is," he went on after a glance towards the house, "I have a ticklish job to carry through—the queerest in all my experience; and unfortunately I want help as well as secrecy. After some perplexity I've resolved to ask you: because, upon my word, you're the only person I can ask. That doesn't sound flattering—eh? But it isn't your fitness I doubt, or your nerve. I've hesitated because it isn't fair to drag you into an affair which, I must warn you, runs counter to the law in a small way."

I let out a low whistle. "A smuggling job?" I suggested.

"Good Heavens, boy! What do you take me for?"

"I beg your pardon, then. But when you talk of a row-boat—at night—a job that wants secrecy—breaking the law—"

"I'll have to tell you the whole tale, I see: and it's only fair."

"Not a bit," said I stoutly. "Tell me what you want done and I'll do it. Afterwards tell me your reasons, if you care to. Indeed, Sir, I'd rather have it that way, if you don't mind. I was abominably rude this afternoon—"

"No more about that."

"But I was: and with your leave, Sir, that's the form of apology I'll choose."

And I stood up with my hands in my pockets.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the Vicar, eyeing me with a twinkle. But I nodded back in the most determined manner.

"Your instructions, please. That is, unless you prefer to get another helper."

"But I cannot," pleaded he. "That's the mischief."

"Very well, then. Your instructions, please." And thus I had my way.

This happened on a Tuesday. The next evening I walked down to the Porth and launched my boat. A row of idlers watched me from the long beach under the life-boat house, and a small knot on the beach inspected my fishing-gear and lent a hand to push off. "Ben't goin' alone, be 'e?" asked Renatus Warne. "Yes," said I. "The conger 'll have 'ee then, sure enough." One or two offered chaffingly to come out and search for me if I shouldn't return before midnight; and a volley of facetious warnings followed me out upon the calm sea.

The beach was deserted, however, when I returned. I had hooked three fine conger; and having hauled up the boat and cleaned her, I made my way back to the Vicarage, well pleased, getting to bed as the clock struck two in the morning.

This was Thursday; and in the evening, between seven and eight o'clock, I launched the boat again under the eyes of the population and started fishing on the inner grounds well in sight of the Porth. Dusk fell, and with it the young moon dropped behind the western headland. Far out beyond Menawhidden the riding-lights of a few drifters sparkled in the darkness: but I had little to fear from them.

The moon had no sooner disappeared than I shifted my ground, and pulling slowly down in the shore's shadow (I had greased the leathers of my oars for silence), ran the boat in by the point under Gunner's Meadow, beached her cunningly between two rocks, and pulled a tarpaulin over to hide her white-painted interior. My only danger now lay in blundering against the coastguard; but by dodging from one big boulder to another and listening all the while for footsteps, I gained the withy bed at the foot of the meadow. The night was almost pitch-black, and no one could possibly detect the boat unless he searched for it.

I followed the little stream up the valley bottom, through an orchard, and struck away from it across another meadow and over the rounded shoulder of the hill to my right. This brought me in rear of a kitchen-garden

and a lonely cob-walled cottage, the front of which faced down a dozen precipitous steps upon the road leading from Lansulyan to the Porth. The cottage had but one window in the back, in the upper floor; and just beneath it jutted out a lean-to shed, on the wooden side of which I rapped thrice with my knuckles.

"Hist!" The Vicar leaned out from the dark window above. "Right: it's all ready. We must stow it in the outhouse. Trudgeon is down in the road below, waiting for me to finish."

No more was said. The Vicar withdrew: after a minute I heard the planking creak: then something white glimmered in the opening of the window—something like a long bundle of linen, extruded inch by inch, then lowered on to the penthouse roof and let slide slowly down towards me.

"Got it?"

"Right." I steadied it a moment by its feet, then let it slide into my arms and lowered it on to the gravelled path. It was the body of John Emmet in his winding-sheet.

"Carry it into the shed," whispered the Vicar. "I must show Trudgeon the coffin and hand him the keys. When I've got rid of him I'll come round."

Somehow, the second time of handling it was far worse than the first. The chill of the corpse seemed to strike through its linen wrappers. But I lifted it inside, shut the door upon it, and stood wiping my forehead; while the Vicar closed the window cautiously, drew the blind, and pressed to the clasp.

A minute later I heard him calling from the front, "Mr. Trudgeon—Mr. Trudgeon!"; and Trudgeon's hob-nailed boots ascending the steps. Silence followed for many minutes: then a slant of candle-light faded off the fuchsia-bush round the corner, and the two men stumbled down the staircase—stood muttering on the doorstep while a key grated in the lock—stumbled down the steps and stood muttering in the sunken roadway. At length they said "Good-night" and parted. I listened while the sound of their footsteps died away: Trudgeon's down the hill towards the Porth, the Vicar's up towards the church-town.

After this I had some painful minutes. As they dragged by, an abominable curiosity took hold of me; an itch to open the door of the shed, strike a match, and have a look at the dead face I had never seen. There came into my mind a passage in the "Republic" which I had read a fortnight before—how that one Leontius the son of Aglaion, coming up one day from the Piræus under the north wall of the city, observed some corpses lying on the ground at the place of execution; and how he fought between his desire to look and his abhorrence, until at length, the fascination mastering him, he forced his eyes open with his fingers and ran up exclaiming, "Look, wretches, look! Feed your fill on the fair sight!"... My seat was an inverted flower-pot, and clinging to it I began to count. If the Vicar did not arrive before I reached five hundred, why, then...

"Hist!" He had fetched his compass round by the back of the garden, treading so softly that the signal sounded almost in my ear and brought me off my flower-pot in a nervous quake. He wore a heavy pea-jacket, and, as a smell of hot varnish announced, carried a dark lantern beneath it. He had strapped this to his waistbelt to leave both hands free.

We lifted the body out and carried it across the meadow, the Vicar taking the shoulders and I the heels. And now came the real hazard of the night. If the coast-guard or any belated wanderer should blunder upon us, we stood convicted of kidnapping a corpse, and (as the Vicar afterwards allowed) there was simply no explanation to be given. When we gained the orchard and pushed through the broken fence, every twig that crackled fetched my heart into my mouth: and I drew my first breath of something like ease when at length, in the withy bed at the foot of Gunner's Meadow, we laid our burden down behind the ruin of an old cob-wall and took a short rest before essaying the beach.

But that breath was hardly drawn before I laid a warning hand on the Vicar's sleeve. Someone was coming down the cliff-track: the coastguard, no doubt. He halted on the wooden footbridge, struck a match and lit his pipe. From our covert not ten yards away I saw the glow on his face as he shielded the match in the hollow of his hands. It was the coastguard—a fellow called Simms. His match lit, I expected him to resume his walk. But no: he loitered there. For what reason, on earth? Luckily his back was towards us now: but to me, as I cowered in the plashy mud and prayed against sneezing, it seemed that the damatatory smell of the Vicar's lantern must carry for half a mile at least.

And now I heard another footstep, coming from the westward, and a loose stone kicked over the cliff. Another coastguard! The pair hailed each other, and stood on the footbridge talking together for a good three minutes.

Then to our infinite relief they parted with a "So long!" and each made slowly off by the way he had come. It was just a meeting of the patrols after all.

Another ten minutes must have gone by before we dared to lift the body again: and after a nervous while in crossing the beach we found the boat left high and dry by the ebb, and had an interminable job to get her down to

the water without noise. I climbed in and took the oars: the Vicar lifted a sizeable stone on board and followed.

"The Carrucks," he whispered. "That's the spot he named to me."

So I pulled out towards the Carracks, which are three points of rock lying just within the main barrier of Menawhidden, where it breaks up towards its western end into a maze of islets. While I pulled, the Vicar knelt on the bottom-boards and made fast the stone to John Emmet's feet.

Well, I need not tell the rest of our adventure at length. We reached the Carracks, and there the Vicar pulled out a short surplice from the immense inner pocket of his pea-jacket, donned it, and read the burial service in due form by the light of his dark lantern: and by the light of it, as I arranged John Emmet's shroud, I had my first and last glimpse of his face—a thin face, old and hollow, with grey side-whiskers: a face extraordinarily pallid: in other circumstances perhaps not noticeable unless it were for a look of extreme weariness which had lasted even into the rest of death.

"We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead), and the life of the world to come..."

Together we balanced it on the gunwale, and with the help of the stern-board tilted it over. It dropped, into fifteen fathoms of water.

There was another funeral next day in Lansulyan churchyard—where so many have come to be buried who never in life heard the name of Lansulyan: the harvest of Menawhidden, commemorated on weather-beaten stones and, within the church, on many tablets which I used to con on Sundays during the Vicar's discourses. The life-boat men had mustered in force, and altogether there was a large attendance at the graveside. At one point a fit of coughing interrupted the Vicar in his recital of the service. I was the one auditor, however, who understood the meaning of it.

That evening we took our dessert again under the great elm. Somehow I felt certain he would choose this hour for his explanation: and in due course it came.

"I'm a truth-speaking man by habit," he began after a long gaze upwards at the rooks now settling to roost and making a mighty pother of it. "But I'm afraid there's no getting round the fact that this afternoon I acted a lie. And yet, on the whole, my conscience is easy."

He sipped his wine, and went on meditatively—

"Morals have their court of equity as well as the law of the land: and with us"—the Vicar was an old-fashioned Churchman—"that court is the private conscience. In this affair you insisted on putting your conscience into my hands. Well, I took the responsibility, and charge myself with any wrong you have committed, letting your confidence stand to your credit, as well as the service you have done for me—and another. Do you know the grey marble tablet on the south wall of the church—the *Nerbuddha* monument?"

I nodded.

"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Stanhope, C.B., and 105 Officers and Men of Her Majesty's 2nd Regiment of Foot, lost in the wreck of the *Nerbuddha*, East Indiaman, on Menawhidden, January 15th, 1857..." Then follows a list of the officers. Underneath, if you remember, is a separate slab to the officers and crew of the *Nerbuddha*, who behaved admirably, all the senior officers keeping order to the last and going down with the ship."

I nodded again, for I knew the inscriptions pretty well by heart.

"The wreck happened in the first winter of my incumbency here. Then, as now, I had one pupil living with me, an excellent fellow. Dick Hobart was his name, his age seventeen or thereabouts, and my business to put some polish on a neglected education before he entered the Army. His elder brother had been a college friend of mine, and indeed our families had been acquainted for years.

"Dick slept in the room you now occupy. He had a habit, which I never cured, of sitting up late over a pipe and a yellow-backed novel: and so he happened to be dressed that night when he saw the first signal of distress go up from Menawhidden. He came to my room at once and called me up: and while I tumbled out and began to dress, he ran down to Porth to give the alarm."

"The first signal, however, had been seen by the folks down there, and he found the whole place in a hubbub. Our first life-boat had arrived but three months before; but the crew got her off briskly, and were pulling away lustily for the reef when it occurred to a few of those left behind that the sea running was not too formidable for a couple of seine-boats lying high on the beach: and within five minutes these were hauled down and manned with scratch crews—Dick Hobart among them.

"Three days of east wind had knocked up a heavy swell: but the wind was blowing a moderate gale only—nothing to account for a big ship (as she was already reported to be) finding herself on Menawhidden. Three signals only had been shown, and these in quick succession. We learned afterwards that she went down within twelve minutes of

striking. She had dashed straight on the Carracks, with the wind well behind her beam and as much sail on her as she could conveniently carry. And the Carracks had torn the bottom out of her.

"The difficulty with the life-boat and two seine-boats was to find the position of the wreck, the night being pitch dark and dirty, and the calls and outcries of the poor creatures being swept down the wind to the westward. Our fellows pulled like Trojans, however, hailing and ahoying as they went; and about half-way down the line of Menawhidden they came on the first of the *Nerbuddha's* boats, laden with women and children, in charge of the fourth officer and half-a-dozen seamen. From her they learned the vessel's name and whereabouts, and having directed her on her way to the Porth, hurried forward again. They passed another boat similarly laden, and presently heard the distracting cries of swimmers, and found themselves amid floating spars, hencoops, barrels, life-belts, and scraps of wreckage—the most naked, but many crowded with soldiers, passengers, and seamen, clinging and almost exhausted. The life-boat rescued twenty-seven, and picked up four more on a second journey: the first seine-boat accounted for a dozen: the second (in which Hobart pulled an oar) was less fortunate, saving five only—and yet, as I shall tell you, my young friend had (and, for that matter, still has) abundant reason to be thankful for his voyage in her; for on that night he plucked from the sea the greatest treasure of his life.

"She—for it was a small girl of seven, and he took her from the arms of a seaman who died soon after being lifted into the boat—turned out to be the Colonel's daughter. She had stood by her mother's side above the gangway while the women passed down the side into the boats: for that noble English lady had insisted that as it was the Colonel's duty to follow his men, so it was for the Colonel's wife to wait until every other woman and every child had filed past. The *Nerbuddha* had gone down under her as she stood there beside her husband, steadied by his hand on her shoulder. Both bodies were afterwards recovered.

"Altogether fifty-two were buried in this parish: other bodies were washed ashore or picked up from time to time, some at great distances up and down the Channel. In the end the list of those unaccounted for came to forty, or by other accounts thirty-six. That was my first experience of what Menawhidden could do. I have had many since: but to this day our little church—yes, even when we decorate it for harvest-festival and pile the sheaves within the Communion rails—remains for me the dark little building where the bodies lay in rows waiting to be identified, and where I and half-a-dozen volunteers took turns in keeping watch day and night while the windows shook and the damp oozed down the walls.

"The cause of the wreck was never made clear. The helmsman had gone, and the captain (his body was among the missing) and the first, second, and third officers. But two seamen who had been successively relieved at the wheel in the early hours of the night agreed on the course set by the captain. It was a course which must finally bring them straight on Menawhidden. Yet there was no evidence to show that the captain changed it. The men knew nothing of Channel navigation, and had simply obeyed orders. She had struck during the first mate's

watch. The fourth officer (survivor) had also been on deck. He gave evidence that his superior, Mr. Rands, had said nothing about the course. For his own part he had supposed the ship to be a good fifteen miles from the coast. They had sighted no shore-lights to warn them: but the weather was thick. Five minutes before the catastrophe Mr. Rands had remarked that the wind was increasing, but had deferred shortening sail. The ship was an old one, but newly rigged throughout. Her compasses had been adjusted, and the ship swung at Greenhithe, just before the voyage. Mr. Murchison, the captain, was a trusted commander of the H.E.I.C.: he came originally from Liverpool, and had worked his way up in

commission, which, by the way, his family could poorly afford to purchase. Well, in recognition of his 'gallantry' (as the old gentleman was good enough to term it) Sir John, who possessed a good deal of influence, had him gazetted within six weeks, and to the 2-th Regiment—for which,' so ran the gracious letter bringing the news, 'you have performed the first of what I hope will be a long list of distinguished services.'

"Pretty, is it not? Yes, but there's prettier to come. Felicia, who was an only child and quite an heiress in a small way, kept up from the first a steady correspondence with her 'preserver': childish letters, to begin with, but Dick kept them all. In Bombay, in Abyssinia, for a few

weeks in England (when he saw her for the first time since the wreck), then back in India again, he has told me since that the world held but one woman for him, and that was the little girl growing up to womanhood in her Bedfordshire home.

"Well it all happened as you are guessing. Dick, who had inherited a little money by this time, and was expecting his majority, returned to England in '72 on a long furlough. Needless to say he paid a visit to Cressingham, where Felicia lived under the wing of a widowed aunt: equally needless to say what happened there. The engagement was a short one—six weeks: and Dick flattered me immensely with an invitation to come up and perform the ceremony."

The Vicar paused, refilled his glass, and leaning back gazed up at the now silent nests. "All this," thought I, "may be mighty interesting in its way, but what—"

"But what, you'll be asking, has all this to do with John Emmet? I'm coming to that."

To be continued.



Then something white glimmered in the opening of the window. . . . It was the body of John Emmet in his winding-sheet.

THE MYSTERY OF JOHN EMMET.—BY "Q."

the company's service: a positive man and something of a disciplinarian, almost a martinet—not a man who would bear crossing easily. He was in his cabin, but came on deck at once, ready dressed; and had, with Colonel Stanhope's assistance, kept admirable order, getting out the three boats as promptly as possible. A fourth had actually been launched, and was being manned when the vessel plunged and stove her in as she went down.

"That is as much as needs be told about the *Nerbuddha*. Let me get on to the happier part of the story, that which concerns Dick Hobart and the small girl whom by Heaven's mercy he helped to save. Her name was Felicia—Felicia Rose Derwent Stanhope in full. Her uncle and guardian, Sir John Derwent, came down and fetched her home, with the bodies of her father and mother. I have told you that Dick was just then waiting for his

their street clothes when they arrive for brown shirt and cotton trousers, and at the end of the day the carriage returns for them.

The wine bill of a nation is an admirable criterion of its prosperity. In the circumstances, it is scarcely surprising to learn that during the present year, in consequence of the wave of prosperity which was inaugurated by the Spanish-American War, America has drunk more champagne than ever before in its history. Nearly fifty per cent. of the consumption is in New York, which has already exceeded its ordinary quantum by several million bottles this year. At one of the chief hotels in New York it is calculated that the increase will by the end of the year represent more than £200,000 in this single item alone. Indeed, at that hotel over nine hundred quarts of champagne were consumed in one evening.



Philip: Mr. Lewis Waller.

King John: Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Queen Eleanor: Miss Bateman.

"KING JOHN," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.

"He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face."



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

TROOPS FOR THE CAPE: THE 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINIERS) IN REVIEW ORDER.



Photo. Bull, Regent Street.

A GROUP OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS: "DARGAI BOYS."



TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY AT GUN PRACTICE.



A FIELD-DAY, NEAR CHARLESTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA: BRITISH ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.



1. Boers at Rifle Practice. 2. Crossing the Orange River by Chain Ferry. 3. Hopetoun Bridge over the Orange River on the Cape Colony Border. 4. Boer Camp outside Johannesburg after the Jameson Raid.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE REPUBLIC'S.

THE ANNEXATION AT MIRS BAY.

We illustrate several incidents in connection with the annexation of new territory by the British at Mirs Bay, on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong. The photograph showing the elders and committee-men doing homage, or "kow-towing," to the Governor, was taken at Tai-po, at the time when the British flag was hoisted. The Governor, Sir Henry Blake, attended by his staff, is seated in a temporary shed erected for the occasion. In the background is a guard of honour of the Hong-Kong Regiment; on the right appear the Hong-Kong police. The other pictures refer to the Governor's first formal visit to the new territory. One picture shows his Excellency attended by the Hon. Mr. Lockhart, C.M.G., Viscount Suirale, A.D.C., the Hon. Mr. Ormsby, Director of Public Works; Mr. Badeley, in command of the police; and Mr. Messer, Hong-Kong Civil Service, and a group of committee-men assembled in one of the ancestral halls. In the third illustration his Excellency is reading his address, which is being translated into Chinese by Mr. Lockhart.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It has been found impossible to obtain a unanimous submission to the Judgment of the Archbishops. There have, however, been great and unexpected concessions. Of these the most noticeable is that at St. Alban's, Holborn, where sung Mass is to be substituted for Solemn High Mass, and Solemn Evensong will be discontinued. Of



FIRST FORMAL VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR OF HONG-KONG TO OUR NEW TERRITORY AT MIRS BAY



MIRS BAY ANNEXATION: ELDERS OF THE VILLAGES PAYING THEIR RESPECTS TO THE GOVERNOR

course, the services as they stand will not suit extreme Protestants. Nevertheless, the concession is great. On the other hand, at St. Peter's, London Docks, it has been decided to defy the Bishop of London. The Vicar says that practices very dear to them have been given up already at the Bishops' request, but now a point has been reached where further concession is impossible. No one could deny that incense was part of the Catholic heritage of the Church of England. The Vicar reminded the congregation that the Catholic revival had won everything through suffering, and now it might be the turn of St. Peter's to suffer.

The *Guardian* complains of the services conducted at St. Mary-at-Hill Church by the Rev. W. Carlile, the head of the Church Army, and suggests that the Bishop of London should give attention to them. Mr. Carlile has been preaching on Dreyfus or Barabbas, and the Boulogne Ball-fights, and he has illustrated the sermons by special limelight views.

Mr. Walter Walsh, author of the famous "History of the Oxford Movement," is engaged on a new work which will, like his first, be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein. I understand the royalty paid is almost unprecedented in the case of a religious work. Mr. Walsh has been visiting Walsall and other places.

Canon Gore, preaching at Manchester, said that High Churchmen had been going ahead very often in a way which was seriously threatening the possibilities of unity. Their great trouble might prove a blessing in disguise.

The aged Bishop of Liverpool desires to die in harness, but many friends fear that his health has been

impaired. Though he has derived much benefit by his prolonged rest and change at Lowestoft, he has been strongly advised not to attempt any diocesan work for the present.

The Rev. Canon Benham, who continues to work with unabated energy, has been appointed Commissary in England to the Bishop of Madras.

Four original manuscript sermons of Newman have been presented to the library of Sion College. They are all printed in the volume entitled "Sermons on Subjects of the Day." The sermons are written on paper of octavo shape, and written on both sides. The writing is most careful, and there are hardly any corrections at all. The initials J. H. N. are at the head of each. Canon Benham says that the handwriting is very like that of Sir Walter Scott. I have several letters of Cardinal Newman written in his last years. The handwriting is clear and beautiful, without a sign of age. But the most beautiful clerical handwriting I have ever seen is that of Dean Church.

In London ecclesiastical circles the greatest interest is being aroused in the forthcoming Church Congress at the Albert Hall. The arrangements made by the Bishop of London have manifestly been framed with due care and forethought. The dates of the conferences and special services are given on another page. Apart from the religious importance of such notable representative meetings, they are to be welcomed for the opportunities they afford for social intercourse.

The autumn conference of the Church Association will be held at Gloucester on Nov. 8, 9, and 10. V.



MIRS BAY ANNEXATION: SIR HENRY BLAKE READING HIS ADDRESS, MR. LOCKHART ACTING AS INTERPRETER



THE AMERICA CUP.—ABOARD THE "COLUMBIA": HOISTING THE CLUB-TOPSAIL.

Drawn by T. Dani Walker.



THE AMERICA CUP.—ABOARD THE "COLUMBIA": TAKING IN THE SPINNAKER, SHOWING HOW THE HATCHES ARE USED TO STOW AWAY SAIL.
Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

THE (KING'S) LIVERPOOL REGIMENT.



1759

A HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS AGO.



1799

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



1839

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

This regiment, now in South Africa, was founded by Lord Ferrars, and owes its origin to the increase of the Army on the outbreak of the Monmouth Rebellion. It was known as "Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment of Foot." In the Irish Campaign it greatly distinguished itself, fighting at Limerick, Carrickfergus, the Boyne, Cork, and Kinsale. In 1702 its title was changed to the "Queen's Regiment," and it embarked for active service on the Continent, where it fought at the following places—Kaiserworth, the siege of Venloo, Burenmonde, Liège, Huy, Limburg, Landan, Sandvliet, Menin, Ath, Lisle, Tournay, Mons, Douay, Pont-à-Vendin, Bethune, Aire, St. Venant, and Bordeaux. It was next engaged at Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, and Arleux. In 1715 it was present at the Jacobite Rebellion, and in 1716 it received the new title of the King's Regiment of Foot, bearing as its badge the white Hanoverian Horse on a red ground, with the motto "Nec Aspera Terrent" below. This regiment fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, 1743-45, at Falkirk and Culloden, 1746, at Roucoux and Val, 1746-47; at Warburg, Zierenburg, Campen, Kirch-Denkern, Bimbeck, Groebenstein, and Cussel, 1760-62; at the Cedars and Fort Stannix, Canada, in 1776-77; at Nimeguen, 1794; and in Egypt, at Aboukir, Alexandria, and Cairo, in 1801. It took part in the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807. It embarked for the West Indies in 1809, where it was present at the capture of Martinique, it fought heavily in the campaign of 1813-14 at Ogdenburg, capturing two colours. For the good services which the regiment rendered at Fort George,



PRESENT DAY: FOREIGN SERVICE.



PRESENT DAY: HOME SERVICE.

Sackett's Harbour, Stony Creek, Forty-Mile Creek, Beaver Dams, Black Rock, Buffalo, Chippawa, Niagara, Fort Erie, Snake Hill, and Plattsburg, the name "Niagara" was placed on their colours. The 1st Battalion was in the Indian Mutiny, fighting at Delhi, Bolundshuhur, Alighur, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Oude. It raised a second battalion in 1756, which eventually became the 63rd, and another in 1804, which was in the Walcheren Expedition, and was present in Canada from 1809 to 1814. Six companies of these gallant fellows marched on snow-shoes from New Brunswick to Quebec, and were present at Plattsburg. This battalion, however, was disbanded in 1815.

The 2nd Battalion, now existing, was raised in 1858, and did splendid work in India, "Afghanistan," "Peiwar Kotai, 1878-80," being added to their already glorious roll of fame. It also saw service in Burma. The men are clad in scarlet tunics, blue cloth facings, blue cloth helmet, with brass mounts. They carry the English Lion as their collar badge. They are the only regiment using old English letters for their motto.

The regiment on its arrival at Durban immediately took train for Ladysmith, and is now on its way towards the Transvaal border. The regimental colours, as well as those of the Leicester Regiment, were forwarded from Ladysmith to Port Napier. The garrison of the last-named town had orders to leave, as their place was to be taken, temporarily at least, by the incoming regiments. To-day the discipline and *esprit de corps* of the regiment is worthy of its best traditions, and promises to add yet greater lustre to its honourable record.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Queen at Balmoral still takes her daily drives, accompanied by different members of her family or her household—principally with Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Hohenlohe, and Princess Margaret of Connaught. It has been remarked that on Sunday, Sept. 24, the duration of the Queen's reign exceeded by exactly three years that of her grandfather, King George III. In other words, the fortunate reign of her Majesty has to-day reached the total, unprecedented in all our history, of sixty-two years and one hundred-and-two days.

The Prince of Wales, whose brief visit to Balmoral was brought to a close on Friday, Sept. 22, drove on that afternoon to Marl Lodge, where a good week's sport in deer-driving awaited him. The Prince was received by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Fife Highlanders on the estate forming a guard of honour to escort him to the door. On Monday the house-party was increased by the arrival of Princess Victoria of Wales, who left Marlborough House on Sunday evening, travelling from King's Cross by the Scotch express.

His Royal Highness, as Most Worshipful Grand Master, it is well remembered in Masonic circles, had a most gratifying statement to make at the Centenary Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys at the Albert Hall last year. This was that the magnificent sum of over £130,000 had been subscribed by British Masons for the new Schools on a salubrious site at Bushey. It is not improbable that this handsome total, already increased considerably, may reach a much higher figure if rich individual members of the influential Masonic brotherhood

offer to defray the expenses of extra wings. How admirably the present Institution for Boys is managed, grace to the assiduous care and attention of a devoted Board, Head Master, and Matron, may be judged by a visit to Wood Green. It is in a manner a tribute to this excellent management of one of the noblest Institutions in the

Master of the Freemasons of Virginia, U.S.A., and it invited the Prince—not forgetting the Princess too—to be present "at the six hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Lodge." Some rather knotty chronological points appear to be involved in the computations of the local Freemasons, who seem to have carved, not their own fortunes only, but their own figures. However, even at this rate of reckoning, the Virginian Lodge is a creation of yesterday when compared with the recording Masons who claim a lineage direct from the builders of the Tower of Babel.

The American force, despatched to the Philippines at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War were composed almost wholly of volunteers. These volunteers are now being withdrawn as rapidly as possible, and are being replaced by regular troops. The scenes attending the home-coming of the volunteer regiments are usually of a remarkable character, and no money is spared in according elaborate receptions to them. The accompanying pictures were taken on the occasion of the return of the California Regiment a few weeks ago (Aug. 23), at which time over \$68,000 was expended by the people of San Francisco upon the "welcome home" celebrations.

The typical Boer warrior represented in the accompanying photograph is a near relative of President Kruger's. As a lad of four-

teen he fought against the English in 1880, and since that time has seen active service in all the principal native wars in which the Boers have been engaged. The photograph was taken on his return from the recent Magato Campaign. The cartridge-coat which he wears carries 150 rounds of Mauser cartridges, and is lined with chain mail. He stands 6 ft. 1 in. in his stockinged feet, and is a fine example of the Boer. He is a noted shot.



RECEPTION OF CALIFORNIAN TROOPS IN SAN FRANCISCO ON THEIR ARRIVAL FROM MANILA.

Photographs supplied by J. S. Wallace, San Francisco.

land that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Most Worshipful Past Grand Master, has graciously consented to lay, with Masonic ceremonial, the foundation-stone of the new School Buildings at Bushey in May next.

Among the many tempting invitations he must have to refuse, the Prince has just received one that must have a little roused his curiosity. It came from the Grand



SCENE IN MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE CALIFORNIAN VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS FROM MANILA.



A WARLIKE RELATIVE OF PRESIDENT KRUGER'S.

Photograph supplied by H. Benington.

The accompanying photographs show some of the officers who are proceeding to the front to act in conjunction with a strong Anglo-Portuguese and native force in crushing the powerful slave-raiding chiefs Mkwamba, Zamfi, and Mataka. These chiefs, who reside in Portuguese territory, have recently made several raids into the territory of the British Central African Protectorate for the purpose of carrying off slaves. Some of these raids were, unfortunately, successful, and although the Protectorate armed forces have energetically dealt with the raiding parties, the slavers invariably took refuge in Portuguese territory, where they were, of course, safe from pursuit. Upon strong representations to the Portuguese Government, a force of European artillery, cavalry, and infantry has been placed by the Portuguese in the field, and it is understood this contingent will act in co-operation with the British force. The British Protectorate forces, which are under the command of Captain F. B. Pearce, H.M. Assistant Deputy-Commissioner and Consul, consist of about 150 Sikhs, 500 regularly trained native troops, two seven-pounders, and two Maxims. Previous to leaving for the front, the main body of the British force was inspected at Zomba by her Majesty's Commissioner and Consul-General, Mr. Alfred Sharpe, C.B.

The visit of one of our ships of war to the port of a friendly Power is generally productive of the pleasantest



THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE EXPEDITION TO BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA: HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONER ADDRESSING THE SIKHS CONTINGENT, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICAN RIFLES.

Lieut. Barclay. Lieut. Cobbe. Capt. Pearce. Lieut. Mansell-Jones. Lieut. Guise.



Lieut. Godfrey. Capt. Margosa. Lieut. Luard.

Photos. supplied by A. C. Hapler, Zomba.

OFFICERS OF THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

and the presence of a British regiment at the official hero-worshipping of the victorious American sea captain might well be construed in Spain as something much worse than a mere irrelevance. Public opinion is with the Canadian Government in its veto on the little diversion; and sensible Americans may be trusted not to see in the refusal any slight on their always ready hospitality.

The noisy rumours about the purchase of the Lakes of Killarney by American capital have been silenced by the authorised announcement that such of the property of the Herberts of Muckross as is at disposal will be offered for sale by public auction in Dublin during November. Some fourteen thousand acres of ground encircling the middle lake, and partially bounding the upper and lower lakes, will thus be brought under the hammer. Who is to be the bidder? Two or three years ago Mr. Hooley would, no doubt, have been named; and now there are talks of private syndicates and of public corporations. The happiest thing, of course, would be the continuance of a private ownership which permitted free access to visitors, while it did not specially advertise or invite it. The great obligations of the public to large landowners, who, with no profit to themselves, allow their possessions to be practically shared by their fellow-countrymen, are likely to be more and more realised by the visions of alienation or of municipalisation lately conjured up in connection, here with Stonehenge, there with the Killarney lakes.

exchange of courtesies. Nothing could possibly have exceeded the welcome extended by the Russian authorities to Commander I. Mackenzie Fraser, D.S.O., and officers and crew of H.M.S. *Melita*, on the occasion of their recent visit to the port of Odessa. The arrival of a British war-vessel in the Black Sea was such an unusual event that, apart from its political aspect, its mere presence was sufficient to call forth a very large amount of interest. Lunches, dinners, and fêtes were organised, and the invitations to these were cordially responded to by the British officers. The visit of the vessel extended from Sept. 5 to 11, and on her departure for Sebastopol the Acting Governor of Odessa, the Commandant of the Port, Chief of Police, and others of the municipal authorities, came on board to say farewell to the officers and ship's company, and to express the hope that this would not be the last time that a British man-o'-war would visit their port.

An invitation may sometimes turn out to be a touchy affair. That was found to be the case when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was falsely reported not long ago to have sent a refusal (never given) to an invitation (not then received) to be present at a great celebration in Chicago. The newspapers throughout America thereupon talked about the childish testiness displayed by a responsible Minister who refused to play with the United States because he could not get his way with its Alaskan Boundary Commissioners at serious work. That little imaginary misunderstanding is now wiped out; but it has given place to a momentary awkwardness of some reality. The Highland Regiment of Toronto has been invited to take part in the celebrations attending the reception of Admiral Dewey in New York. Newspaper correspondents made haste to accept the call, intended as a compliment, and, very properly, taken as such. But not all compliments are politic in the giving or in the receiving, and the Canadian Government has disallowed the flattering proposal. Great Britain and Spain are friendly Powers,

W. E. Marshall, Lieut. Police-Master Mr. Plaksine, Surgeon, Alton. Shan-Gird. Press Censor.

Lieut. Anderson.



Paymaster Roe. Mayor of Odessa. Act. Con.-Gen. Mackie. Governor of Odessa. Commander Fraser. Col. Lund. OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "MELITA" ENTERTAINED BY THE RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES AT ODESSA.

After ninety years the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition has been recalled by a ceremony which took place on Sept. 22 at Dovercourt Church, when a memorial lych-



LYCH-GATE ERECTED AT DOVERCOURT BY THE QUEEN TO COMMEMORATE THE MEN WHO PERISHED IN THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

gate, erected by her Majesty the Queen, was formally dedicated and opened. The gate, which has been designed by Messrs. Cutts, architects, of Southampton Street, Strand, adds yet another picturesque touch to a beautiful

The restoration of the Unitarian Baptist Chapel in Church Street, Deptford, recalls curiously enough the association of Lord Beaconsfield with that place of worship. When the young Benjamin Disraeli was at school at Blackheath, he attended the chapel, and there—who knows?—laid the foundations of that broad creed which he was afterwards to describe as the “religion of all sensible men.” The chapel, which was built about 1600, has other interesting associations. There Oliver Cromwell’s private secretary is buried.

The belittlers of the significance of Sunday afternoon demonstrations had a proof ready to their hand in the proceedings at the meeting summoned to Trafalgar Square to protest against war with the Boers. Everything was done that organisation could do to ensure a successful show—there were six platforms, with ten appointed speakers for each, and there were a bugle and a bugleman at whose summons the great mass meeting was to pass simultaneously a resolution in condemnation of Mr. Chamberlain. But the representatives of the anti-war party did not rally to the invitation; its most prominent leaders, men like Mr. Leonard Courtney, were not up on the platforms, and the typical peace-man evidently thought that peace began at home on a Sabbath afternoon. So when the thin cohorts of the demonstration-promoters began to arrive they found themselves outnumbered by the man in the street, a good-natured objector with his laughter and

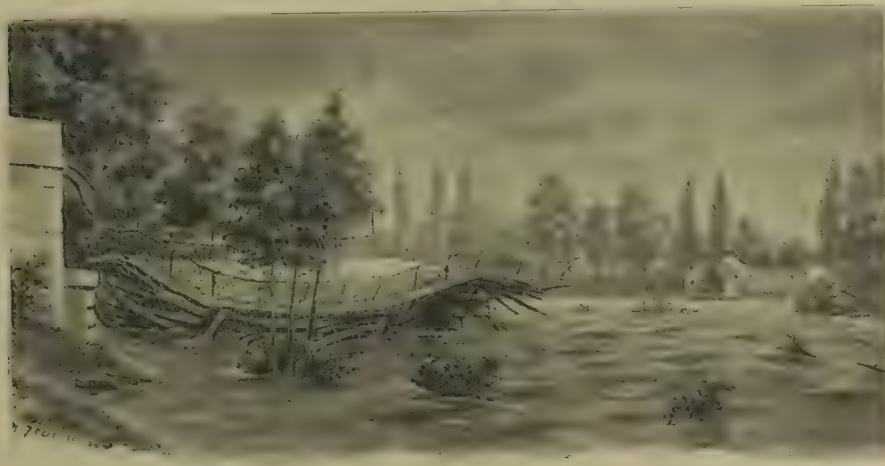
his boogie; and by a more embittered sort of opponent whose hostility found rougher expression. To throw apples and pears at your opponents is not very mannerly; the throwing of sticks is a dangerous pastime; and diabolic the hurling of the open knife which grazed the neck of Mr. Felix Moscheles, one of the dumb-show speakers from the



UNITARIAN BAPTIST CHAPEL AT DEPTFORD WHICH BENJAMIN DISRAELI ATTENDED AS A BOY.

foot of Nelson’s column. Happily, six hundred policemen were on the spot. For the rest, there was a great deal of drama and of comedy in the moods and manners of the crowd. Union Jacks were waved instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, and the burning of several war newspapers by the organisers of the meeting was met by such counter-demonstrations as the triumphant lifting up on the shoulders of the crowd of a soldier who strolled past, and of a not unwilling sailor, the sight of whom, both in her Majesty’s uniform, was hailed with cheers—a convincing argument against the success of peaceful negotiations with President Kruger. It is to be feared that if the most distinguished of diplomatists had been available for sudden and unlooked-for bodily elevation on the other side, he would have been greeted with nothing more exhilarating than groans, or the singing of “Rule, Britannia,” the National Anthem, and “Soldiers of the Queen.” Under the circumstances, the speakers did not long continue their attempts to get a hearing. It was, in fact, only by police aid that they were able to leave the square. Between two lines of mounted police they proceeded down Northumberland Avenue and took shelter in the Hôtel Victoria. Even then there was difficulty: the commissionaires, believing that the hotel was being attacked, held the refugees at bay for a few moments. Finally, however, the demonstrators were suffered to enter.

The recent floods in Bavaria, the most severe since 1813, destroyed two of the finest bridges in Munich, the Bogenhausen Bridge and the Prince Regent’s. The latter, which was completed only a few years ago, was the most beautiful of the Munich bridges, and was the gift of the Prince Regent. Only the pillars are left standing.



Photos. supplied by Alfred Stacke, Munich.

THE FLOODS IN BAVARIA: THE RUINED BOGENHAUSEN BRIDGE, MUNICH.

church. On the main beam of the gate, which is of English oak, is the inscription “Erected by her Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India, to the memory of British soldiers buried in this churchyard, particularly those who died from disease contracted during the Walcheren (1809 to 1810) Expedition.” The dedicatory service was conducted by the Rev. Canon Norman, and thereafter General Sir William Gatacre declared the gate open.

The expedition to the island of Walcheren, the victims of which are commemorated by the lych-gate, set sail in July 1809. It consisted of thirty-five ships of the line and 200 smaller vessels under Sir Richard Strachan, along with a land force under the Earl of Chatham. On Aug. 15, after a fierce bombardment, Flushing was taken, and after that Chatham let matters drift. Nothing would rouse him to action; and at last, when disease had decimated his forces, he had to return. To save further disgrace, Chatham resigned his post of Master-General of the Ordnance. An epigram of the time thus hit off the blundering and disgraceful incident—

Lord Chatham with his sabre drawn
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan—
Sir Richard, longing to be at ‘em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

The German Emperor is to place a window in Dovercourt Church to the memory of one or two men of the German Legion who also died in the expedition.



THE FLOODS IN BAVARIA: REMAINS OF THE PRINCE REGENT’S BRIDGE, MUNICH.



1. The Avalanche.

2. At the Royal Academy.

3. The Botanical Gardens.

THE NEW DRAMA, "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.



Copyright 1899 by Messrs. Adler and Schwartz, New York.

MANON.—BY A. LYNCH.

LADIES' PAGE.

Straw is so much lighter than felt or velvet that ladies who dislike a weight on the head often choose to wear it all the year. Usually, by this time of year, one must have a straw trimmed specially for oneself if one wants it; but the new models have come from Paris in straw this week, rather than in the customary felt and velvet. Burnt straw is much shown, and the popular trimming is fruit, combined with both velvet and chiffon. A jam-pot crown is very frequent in these models, and a hat turned up at the front, with such a crown, and a pair of narrow velvet strings from the back, is remarkably like to a bonnet. In fact, bonnets—for so many months discarded by all but the aged—are coming in again this winter; and even young girls will wear the new poke shapes, trimmed under one



A FASHIONABLE COAT OF BLACK CLOTH.

side of the brain with a few flowers, a rosette of lace or chiffon, or a cluster of grapes or currants, as the case may be, resting on the front hair, while more fruit, with its appropriate leaves, and bows of velvet and twists of chiffon, will be laid as trimming against the upstanding crowns, just tall enough to peep above the high brims.

Velvet and velveteen will be immensely used this winter, more as portions of dresses than as complete costumes for visiting wear; but evening and dinner gowns will be made in it alone, relieved with abundance of lace. The palest of tones, those delicate shades that we have been calling all the summer "pastel" when we have seen them in cloth, are to be used for the velvet evening dresses. The value of the lights and shades in velvet is artistically great. In no other fabric do the folds of a train fall so becomingly, and, of course, every evening gown boasts a train now of at least moderate dimensions. Apricot is an admirable evening shade, and delicate blues, mauves, and fawns, with their elusive glints of light and deep shadows changing every moment, are excellent under the electric lamps of civilisation. According to our modern fancy for incongruity, velvet evening dresses will be trimmed, not only with lace, but with gauzy puffings. Lace belongs to velvet by prescriptive right. Think of the innumerable masterpieces of portraiture, Murillos and Titians particularly, of men as well as ladies, wearing that most artistic combination. But pleatings and frills of chiffon, and of fine silk net and muslin, will be used this season, in company with lace, on velvet trains and as bodice trimmings and sashes. A model shown me is in palest pink velvet, with the berthe of lace headed by a close ruche of black silk muslin; a fuller ruche passes down the bodice from the left side to the waist and merges into a folded sash of the same airy fabric, held at the left side with a diamond buckle set in a large fluffly rosette; thence the sash falls to near the feet, and is finished off with ends of lace. On the skirt a quilling of black silk muslin is so placed as to simulate a pointed tunic, the velvet skirt being cut to fit closely to the figure to that point, and to flow out full round the foot under the trimming line. Two flounces of the black muslin edge the skirt all round, following the outline of its pointed train.

Here is an illustration of the combination of the two materials in a visiting-dress—one unfit for walking, just as much as it is for evening wear, but ideal for driving to At Homes and wearing at a wedding or a smart luncheon-party or afternoon concert. The material is golden-brown velvet and amber face-cloth, trimmed with white satin, the dark brown fur of the skunk, and cream guipure lace. The velvet makes a Princess overdress flowing away into a considerable train at the back, which is, however, not plain but cloven in twain at its centre, to show a pointed bit of the cloth let in and edged round with the skunk. In front, the velvet tunic is cut off nearly as high as the knees, but in vandyke curves, not straight along; said curves are trimmed round with a band of white satin overlaid with guipure, and under that with a band of fur, and beneath this the cloth is seen as a flounce round the feet. The yoke is composed of satin covered with lace, and similar trimming adorns the tops of the sleeves, which otherwise are of rucked cloth, with turned-back cuffs of satin, lace, and fur. Under the yoke a revers turns down at the right side only, and is of the cloth, covered with a bit of lace into which the fur is embroidered, the contrast between the flecks of dark brown fur, the cream lines of the lace, and the amber-coloured cloth under all being very effective.

Earrings are quite fashionable again, so much so that a smart toilette does not seem complete without them. I, for one, am glad. I think them the most effective of all ornaments, placed as they are on a level with the face, so that they must be seen when the person is looked at, and falling so as to fill up the gap beside the cheeks, such addition being curiously as desirable to the plump rounded and the slender oval visage. As to their being a barbaric ornament, why so more than any other ornament? There is nothing within the reach of a barbarian in the lovely designs in earrings prepared by the Parisian Diamond Company, the skill and taste of the designs being of the highest order. Pearls are particularly becoming as earrings to young faces; diamonds are perhaps better suited for the more majestic years and carriage. Either can be had in perfection at this company's places of business, 85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade. The designs are lovely, and the stones such perfect imitations that it seems useless waste to pay for the efforts of pearl-fishers and diamond-diggers, so far as appearance goes. Cluster earrings with ruby or sapphire centres, pearl drops of an oval or round shape, solitaire diamonds, or the round rings set all about their circle with diamonds in the Neapolitan fashion, are all to be seen there. Suppose you have not had your ears pierced and dread the trifling ordeal, you can have the ornaments to screw on the lobe of the ear, doing away with the need for piercing. When looking at these, the larger pieces of Parisian Diamond work ornaments will be sure to attract attention and admiration, for the show-cases are all agleam with beautifully designed and executed gem-work, ropes of pearls, brooches, and corsage ornaments fit for a Duchess's wear, and tiaras and combs and aigrettes in exquisite designs and finish.

White is to be as popular in furs as in frocks. Charming collarettes of marabout feathers, fluffy and warm, form a halfway wrap for the throat between the ostrich-feather boa of the mid-season and the actual fur of winter. White fox is ready to fill the bill as soon as the weather permits. Ermine will make another strong bid for our favour, but only as revers and other moderate trimmings, in which guise it stands a better chance of acceptance than in larger masses. Two furs are generally combined in the new cloaks and coats: sable and chinchilla is an ideal combination, and costly sealskin and chinchilla is as fashionable, but the contrast is perhaps over-strong. The furriers are introducing a touch of velvet into fur garments very often; just facings to revers and a peep to match below the fur cuffs, or a cascade of velvet to support a jabot of lace at the throat, or a big loose-looking bow of velvet filling under the chin, where a storm-collar of fur turns away from the face.

Three-quarter length cloth coats of the newest genre are shown in our illustrations. That one in black and white is an excellent model. The black cloth is lined through and turned out at the throat with white satin, piping of the same delicate material trimming it in company with large white pearl buttons. It is sac-backed.



A POST-OFFICE PRESENTATION.

The casket which we illustrate above was presented on Sept. 21 to Sir W. H. Preece, late Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the Post Office, by his native borough of Carmarvon. Beautifully modelled in sterling silver gilt, the casket is oblong in form, bearing on the obverse a beautifully enamelled view of Carmarvon Castle, supported on either side by the Prince of Wales's feathers, also enamelled in proper colours. The general ornamentation includes the Leek, Welsh Harp, and many other Welsh emblems, together with telegraphic instruments and others relating to engineering. Her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, London, W., and Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., were entrusted with the work.

very slightly shaped to the figure under the arms. The other, a light cloth coat this one, does not greatly differ in cut, but is more trimmed with strappings and rows of stitchings, and has a flounced effect.

An interesting catalogue has reached me from the Goerz-Anschütz Folding-Camera manufacturers, and my readers interested in the development of the wonderful process of photography should send for a copy of the booklet to the office, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London. The catalogue contains, besides the technical details of the Goerz-Anschütz Camera's working, a series of remarkable instantaneous photographs taken by its aid. Action is arrested in a minute fraction of a second on the plate of this wonderful camera, and we have pictures of horses in the middle of a leap, or falling or trotting, of a bird in its



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE LATEST COAT.

flight, circus races proceeding at full speed, skaters skimming along, and other movements of such rapidity that the eye itself does not follow, or rather does not catch, one of the series of movements that constitute the action, but sees a number of them as a whole—while this wonderful camera prints and fixes any instantaneous point of the movement as the individual pose that it, of course, is in reality. This is accomplished by the ingenious instantaneous shutter invented by Ottomar Anschütz, which is capable of exposing a plate for the briefest periods up to the thousandth part of a second! It works, of course, by a spring in its own mechanism; the narrower the slit through which the image falls on the plate the shorter the exposure, and this slit is modified in size with remarkable ease and simplicity. It is stated, too, that "the apparatus is exceedingly durable, as the mechanism is so very simple."

FILOMENA.

The Kennel Club will hold their Forty-fourth Dog Show this year at the Crystal Palace. It will open on Oct. 17, and last for three days. As the entries will close on Oct. 2, applications for the schedule should be made at once. The prizes are valued at over £3500.

October will see a vast national gathering of the Clergy in the Metropolis. The Lord Bishop of London will be the President of the Church Congress, which is to be opened in the Albert Hall on Tuesday, the 10th, and last till the 14th. It will be a most interesting sight, this assemblage of numbers of our foremost ecclesiastical dignitaries in the Albert Hall, which will be decorated with the banners of all the Church Congresses since 1864. The deliberations bid fair to be of high importance, and it is to be hoped the outcome will be of material service to the best interests of the Church of England. In addition to the daily meetings in the Albert Hall, there will be conferences of members at the Imperial Institute, in Kensington Town Hall, and at the Church House; besides special services at St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and St. Mary Abbott's on the morning of Oct. 10, and at St. Paul's on the evening of Oct. 13. The Press will have good reason to thank the Rev. J. Glendinning Nash, Prebendary of St. Paul's, for his thoughtfulness, as honorary secretary of the Church Congress, in making due provision for the comfort of journalists.

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Has the distinguished honour of being used in almost every Royal Palace throughout the World.

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EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

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11, Nydd Vale Terrace, Harrogate.

Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in enclosing my photograph showing my wealth of hair, as a result of using "HARLENE" and will always recommend it, and testify to its efficacy.

Yours faithfully,
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to forward cheque for the six bottles of "Harlene" duly received.

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"I hereby certify that I have examined Edwards' 'Harlene,' and find that it is absolutely free from injurious substances; in fact, 'Harlene' is a first-class preparation. It stimulates the roots of the hair, and restores its colour, consequently it is an invaluable remedy for Baldness and other fungoid diseases of the hair. 'Harlene' is invaluable as a dressing. It preserves, strengthens, and restores the hair. I can conscientiously recommend this elegant and useful preparation."

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Gentlemen,—Last autumn my hair was falling out very rapidly. I used two bottles of "HARLENE" and am now able to play my part at the theatre without wearing a wig. You are at liberty to use my name and photograph showing the wonderful result.

Faithfully yours,
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Peace or War?

At present it is uncertain what may occur.

One thing, however, is positive: that for good, sterling, honest value

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In Plain Satin, Newest Shades, with extra busk, 23/6.

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to the Hyde Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association; £4000, upon trust, for his niece Mary Pope for life, and then to the Congo Balolo Mission and the China Inland Mission; £4000, upon trust, for his niece Mary Skinner for life, then for his niece Augusta Skinner for her life, and then for the North African Mission and the Church of England Zenana Society; and £2000, upon trust, for Emma Skinner for life, and then to the London City Mission. He bequeaths £105 each to his executors; an annuity of £200, and the use of his house with the furniture and effects to his wife for life, and then to his nephew William Eden Walker; £2035 to his said nephew; £1000 to his niece Mary Bentley; and many legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Helen Skinner, and his nephew, William Eden Walker, as joint tenants.

The will (dated June 1, 1898), with a codicil (dated Feb. 14, 1899), of Mr. Ashley Gibbings, of 18, Stratford Place, Oxford Street, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Sept. 8 by Walter Lewis Gibbings, the brother, and Walter Parks, the executors, the value of the estate being £64,392. The testator gives £100 each to the Dental Hospital (Leicester Square), the British Medical Benevolent Fund, the British Dental Benevolent Fund, and King's College Hospital (Portugal Street); £1000 to his cousin, Miss Marion Gibbings; £500 each to his nephews and nieces; £250 each to five godchildren; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to persons in his employ and servants. The residue of his property he leaves between his brothers and sisters.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1894) of Mr. Frederick Rothwell, who was formerly in business in Manchester, was proved

on Sept. 18 by his cousin, Mr. Hamlet Rothwell, and his friend, Mr. John Stewart Williamson, the executors, the value of the estate being £63,433 1s. 3d. The testator bequeaths several legacies to his family and friends, and then makes the following charitable bequests, free of legacy duty—namely, to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, £700; to the Manchester Clerical Hospital for Women and Children, £150; to the Manchester Royal Eye Hospital, £200; to Henshaw's Blind Asylum, £200; and to the Hulme Dispensary, £200. The testator then directs his trustees to pay and apply the balance of his residuary trust funds to such hospitals or other charitable institutions situate in Manchester or elsewhere as they in their sole and uncontrolled discretion shall think proper.

The will (dated March 23, 1898), with a codicil (dated April 18, 1899), of Mr. Frederick Hopkins, of 70, Westbourne Park Road, Paddington, who died on July 20, has been proved by George Frederick Hopkins, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £21,274. The testator gives £100 each to his sister-in-law, Mary Whitmore, his niece, Caroline Fairbrother, his granddaughter, Florence Hopkins, and his daughter-in-law, Emily Henrietta Hopkins; an annuity of £200 to his son Frederick William Hopkins; his four leasehold houses in Granville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, and 57, Addison Road, and 77, Holland Park Avenue, to his son Walter Samuel Hopkins; £50 to Emmeline Chipp; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son George Frederick Hopkins.

The will (dated June 3, 1898), with two codicils (dated Oct. 14 and 21, 1898), of Mrs. Caroline Harriet Lysaght, of 39, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, widow, who died

on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 9 by William Martin Flegg, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £10,209. The testatrix gives £100 to her brother, Albert Balcombe Beaton; £500 to her niece, Mrs. Katherine Humphrey; and many specific gifts to relatives and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves in equal shares to her nephews and nieces, Alexander Davidson Beaton, Thomas Albert Pryce, James Douglas Lysaght, and Dora Letitia Caroline Fell Pryce.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1898) of Henry Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Beaufort, K.G., P.C., who died on April 30, was proved on Sept. 14 by Henry Adelbert Wellington Fitzroy, Duke of Beaufort, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £10,732. The testator bequeaths £1000, and his furniture, pictures, plate, jewels, carriages and horses at Stoke Park to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son Henry, the present Duke.

The will of Mr. John Matthew Ridley, J.P., of Walwick Hall, Humshaugh, Northumberland, who died on March 13, has been proved in the Newcastle District Registry by John Hilton Ridley and Musgrave Ridley, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,781.

The will of Sir Rose Lambert Price, Bart., of Hensol Castle, Pontycaun, Glamorgan, and formerly of 94, Piccadilly, who died on April 16, was proved on Sept. 16 by Dame Isabella Elizabeth Price-Pothergill, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £1053.

The will of Mr. George Curtis, J.P., of Porchester, Hampshire, who died on July 23, was proved on Sept. 18 by Thomas Arthur Curtis, the son, and Aurelius Victor

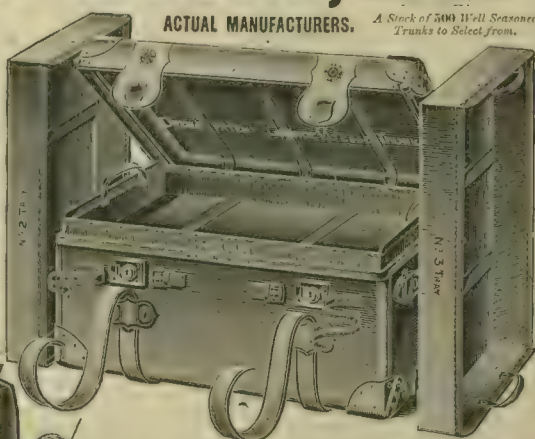
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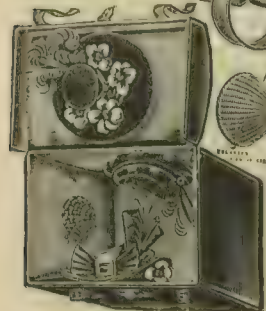
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Ft.	in.			£	s.	d.		Ft.	in.			£	s.	d.		Ft.	in.			£	s.	d.				
7	6	by	5	2	...	2	6	0	9	7	by	8	6	...	5	4	0	11	10	by	9	10	...	7	3	0
7	9	"	5	2	...	2	14	0	10	11	"	7	11	...	5	6	0	12	11	"	9	6	...	7	4	0
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8	7	"	7	0	...	3	10	0	11	5	"	9	0	...	6	0	0	13	1	"	9	11	...	8	7	0
8	10	"	7	1	...	3	13	0	12	2	"	7	11	...	6	3	0	13	11	"	10	1	...	9	0	0
9	5	"	7	3	...	4	4	0	11	10	"	8	3	...	6	4	0	14	11	"	10	8	...	9	6	0
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11	0	"	8	0	...	5	2	0	11	10	"	9	5	...	6	10	0	15	4	"	12	3	...	11	0	0
12	2	"	6	11	...	5	3	0	12	2	"	9	1	...	7	2	0	15	11	"	11	7	...	11	6	0

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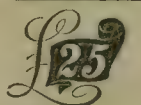
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
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THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**
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Sold in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Sole Proprietors: Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

Maybury, M.D., the executors, the value of the estate being £5702.

The will of Sir Henry Edward Leigh Dryden, Bart., of Canons Ashby, Byfield, Northampton, who died on July 24, was proved on Sept. 20 by Miss Alice Dryden, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £5666.

The will of Mr. Alfred John Marriott, of 82, Seymour Street, Connaught Square, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Sept. 4 by William Marriott, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £10,905.

The will of the Rev. John Mason Mason, J.P., of Whitfield, Langley-on-Tyne, Northumberland, who died on June 3, was proved on Sept. 5 by Thomas Henry Mason and George Mason, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £7037.

The tourist institution of Thomas Cook and Son is deservedly of the highest repute, laugh as we may at the good-humoured fun made of "the man from Cook's" in the droll musical farce of "A Runaway Girl." Appropriately from this popular agency is issued an excellent new edition of "Cook's Tourist Handbook for Southern Italy," including Rome, Naples, and Sicily, replete with plans and maps, a railway chart, and the latest information of service to travellers. Published at the moderate price of four shillings, this is an invaluable guide, especially to all who intend to winter in Italy, and is sure to attract many orders to Cook's Central Tourist Office, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

"HUMOURS OF A BUDGET."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Parisians have got over their scare as to the threatened boycott of their Exhibition—if they were ever seriously frightened at it. The Parisian may not be the highly intelligent being enthusiastic but merely superficial observers have pronounced him to be; but this much he knows: his beloved city offers attractions to the festively inclined alien which cannot be enjoyed elsewhere. Another thing: he lays the flattering unction to his soul that France—or her rulers—for under a democratic régime the two words are supposed to be synonymous—has already put herself straight with the rest of the world for the wrong inflicted on Dreyfus—if there were such a wrong—by granting him a free pardon. This supposition on the Frenchman's, but especially on the Parisian's, part of the foreigner's willingness to forgive and to forget is no new illusion. After Sept. 4 the Parisians made sure that the "dishonest empire having fallen," the Germans would arrest their triumphal march, and "let bygones be bygones" by simply returning to the Fatherland. A notable Englishman, commenting upon this, told the story of how his wife, having been robbed by her cook, was under the impression that her grocer would forego payment of his bill because the money for its settlement had been entrusted to the fraudulent servant.

Be this as it may, the Parisians are pursuing with the greatest activity the preparations for next year's "high

jinks." They themselves will not only be the providers of, but the participants in them. There is a popular German locution to the effect that "It is easy to cut straps from other people's leather"; so, of course, the foreigner is expected to pay the whole of the bill. And it bids fair to be a "tidy" one, if we may take the following item as a sample of the whole. The item figures in the budget for 1900 under the heading of "Frais de Représentation pendant la durée de l'Exposition." In plain English, it is supposed to cover the extra expenses necessarily incurred by the Chief of the State, the Ministers, and the various Government employés with a salary of less than 2500*f.* per annum during the Exhibition. M. Loubet is to have 500,000 *f.*, which, with the stipend and allowances, also for representation, he already receives, will make the total amount of 1,500,000 *f.* It would, indeed, be churlish to quarrel with this as far as the President of the Republic is concerned, for it is very certain by this time that M. Loubet is an excellent man and exceedingly anxious to uphold the dignity and prestige of France.

Nevertheless, one cannot help reflecting that Marshal MacMahon and M. Sadi Carnot, both of whom were equally solicitous in that respect, were not thus favoured in the financial sense. The first-named occupied the Presidential chair during the Exhibition of 1878, the second during that of 1889. I trust M. Crozier and M. Mollard, junior, will not treat M. Loubet as the late M. Mollard treated the Duc and Duchesse de Magenta.



SAVES FROM A SEA OF TROUBLES.

Because it is a first-class Disease-Germ Destroyer.

Because it is most beneficial to the skin.

Because it keeps children's heads clean and healthy.

Lifebuoy Soap

A DISINFECTANT & ANTISEPTIC INVALUABLE FOR HOUSEHOLD & GENERAL CLEANING.

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FOR THE HAIR



NOTE.
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**H.R.H. PRINCESS
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(The German Ambassador's Daughter.)
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"Miss A.J. Conto-stav has to inform the Koko-Markings Co., Ltd., that H.R.H. Princess MARIE OF GREYCE is very pleased with their preparation for the Hair. — Valais Royal, Athens."

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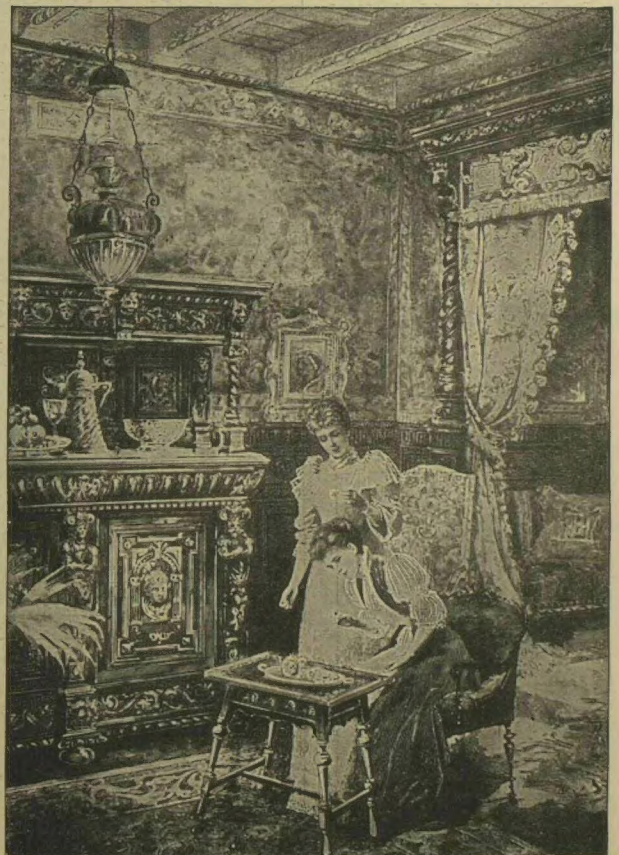
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on the occasion of the State ball given by M. Waddington, who was afterwards Ambassador at St. James's. It was M. Mollard who organised the quadrille d'honneur. He selected M. and Madame Waddington to face the Prince and Princess of Wales. The other cavaliers were the late Duc d'Aosta and the Comte de Flandre. I do not remember who were their partners. At any rate, M. and Madame de MacMahon were left out in the cold. Next day, M. Mollard went to the Elysée to apologise for his oversight. MacMahon, as a rule, was not witty; but on that day he was. "Don't mention it, M. Mollard," he said. "I once read in my Bible that David danced before the Ark when he was perhaps no longer young, and that Michal, Saul's daughter, looked out of the window and despised him. I am no longer young, and I do not wish to be despised by anyone in petticoats, whether

it be a mother or a daughter. I should have liked to see the quadrille, but could not. A great many of M. Waddington's guests got on chairs and blocked the view." That kind of thing is not likely to occur again.

M. Loubet is not the only one who is to have an extra allowance. The Minister of Commerce is to have 170,000 f., and the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and the Interior each 150,000 f. The Ministers of Public Education and of Public Works are to benefit each to the extent of 100,000 f., but the Minister for War only 70,000 f.

What is essentially characteristic of the democratic régime which would let "I dare not" wait upon "I would" is the increase of 10 per cent. on all the salaries of the Ministerial staff if those salaries happen to be under

2500 f. It reminds one of the city merchant who announced grandiloquently to his clerk one morning that he was going to increase his stipend by an annual half-a-crown. There are to be 1239 additional policemen in Paris during the Exhibition, and their maintenance is estimated at 1,282,000 f. Meanwhile, France owes Princess Clotilde, the mother of Princes Victor and Louis Napoleon, close upon three millions of francs, which she cannot get. A diplomatic treaty executed at the date of her marriage to Prince Jérôme Napoleon secured her an annual dowry of 100,000 f. Since the fall of the Empire, she has not touched a cent of it. Meanwhile, also, the farce of the Rue Chabrol has cost the Government 10,000 f. per diem in extra allowances to the soldiers, Municipal guards, and detectives who besieged and watched the fort while Guérin held it.

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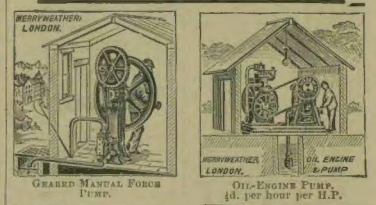
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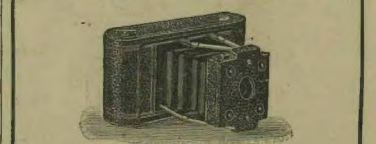
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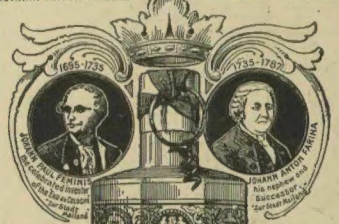
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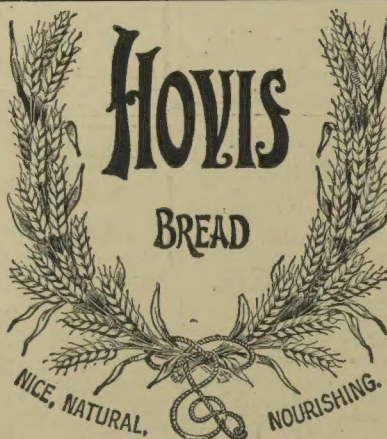
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